CHIT-CHAT.

A

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As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. KILLIGREW.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT, between the *Temple Gates.*

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To His GRACE

THE

Duke of *ARGILE*.

My LORD,

TWO undoubted Titles to Your Grace's Protection, are Merit and Neceſſity. The latter recommended me at once to You, my LORD; and all I ever knew of good Fortune

tune. This Play, like its Author, has infinite Wants, and ſtands in Need of ſuch a Patron; which is the only Excuſe I can plead for Dedicating it to Your GRACE: Except the Deſire I have of telling the World with what Reſpect and Gratitude,

I am,

My LORD,

Your GRACE'S

Moſt Obedient,

and moſt Faithful

Humble Servant,

T. KILLIGREW.

THE

PROLOGUE.

THE ugly Beau by frequent Uſe of Glaſs,
Inſtead of hating, comes to like his Face,
And grows the Plague of every publick Place.
Juſt ſo it fares with Fops of Phœbus *Train,*
They read their Nonſenſe o'er and o'er again,
And find ſtrange Charms in what gives others Pain.
This from our Author I am bid to ſay,
As ſome Excuſe for his firſt Coup'd Eſſay.
At once he boldly ſoars to higheſt Life,
And paints a very, very modiſh Wife:
In whoſe Example this ſad Truth appears,
The Husband's hated for his Worth, not Years.
They crave for Fops, as Girls green Fruit devour,
Not that 'tis young, but that they love what's ſowre.
But one Word more for theſe looſe following Scenes;
Ye all will ask what 'tis the Scribbler means?
Where is the Order, Method, the Deſign,
And all that makes a well-wrought Drama *ſhine?*
Why, if his Conduct merits not Applauſe,
Conſider, Sirs, they are your Lives he draws.
As for his Wit, if that be under-grown,
Make it not leſs, by making it your own.
And then for Moral: Faith, like you, he has none.
His Plot he's ſure will plead for every Fault,
Such deep Deſigns no Spaniſh *Prieſt e're thought,*
Nor darker Machiavel *to* Borgia *taught.*
Obſerve him well, ye learn'd in State Intrigues,
Who deal in Politicks, and powder'd Wigs:
Your Schemes, as ſoon as form'd, are all reveal'd;
But here the Action's done, and yet the Plot conceal'd.

Persons of the Drama.

MEN.

Worthy, Husband to *Moderna*.	Mr. *Booth*.
Bellamar, his Friend.	Mr. *Wilks*.
Alamode, a Fop, Lover of *Moderna*.	Mr. *Cibber*.
Lurcher, a Fool, with the Reputation of good Nature and Honesty, but a Knave to his Power.	Mr. *Miller*.
Townly, a common Acquaintance.	Mr. *Mills*.

WOMEN.

Moderna, Wife to *Worthy*, in love with *Alamode*, but overperſuaded to marry, by *Marlove* her Confident.	Mrs. *Thurmond*.
Marlove, her Friend, and ſecretly kind Miſtreſs to *Bellamar*.	Mrs. *Porter*.
Florinda, Siſter to *Worthy*.	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Mrs. *Commode*, an *India* Woman.	Mrs. *Baker*.

SCENE, *London*.

CHIT-

CHIT-CHAT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

St. James's Park, *Nine in the Morning.*

Bellamar *and* Marlove *meet.*

Bellamar. GOOD-Morrow, Madam; the Sun and you are up Betimes to Day.

Marlove. Yes; but we did not go to Bed together.

Bell. No, or he had not roſe ſo ſoon. But pray now was you any where late laſt Night?

Mar. At *Worthy's.*

Bell. He in Town, and I not know it!

Mar. You was not to be found. Had you come, you'd been in Love with Matrimony, to have ſeen a Man of Senſe ſo happy in it.

Bell. Excuſe me; 'twould rather have frightn'd me, to have ſeen it able to impoſe upon the beſt Underſtanding.

Mar. He talks prodigiouſly of the *how much* he owes to both our Friendſhips.

Bell. I owe more to your Friendſhip than he does, but muſt ſhow my Gratitude in Silence. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*] Pray, does the Lady ſeem as much oblig'd as he?

Mar. 'Tis hard to tell. You know that Fop *Alamode* had made great Impreſſions; and nothing is ſo difficult to get rid of as a Fool.

Bell. Except the Paſſion fair Ladies have for keeping 'em.

Mar. That's civil. ——— But *Moderna* I fear will grow impatient. I've made her wait this Hour. ——

Bell. Hold, Madam! I'd forgot. —— Is *Florinda* come with her Brother?

Mar. Is that all you ſtopt me for. She is. [*Goes, but returns*] Pray, Mr. *Bellamar*, How come you to enquire after *Florinda*?

Bell. Only to know, if after her late Illneſs, ſhe's as handſome as ſhe was.

Mar. To other People ſhe is: But I believe ſhe won't ſeem ſo to you.

Bell. Why d'ye think ſo?

Mar. Becauſe ſhe is the ſame. And that is what has no Charms for you, I know.

Bell. In any Body but you, I hope you mean, Madam?

Mar. No Matter what you hope, my Meaning is as eaſily underſtood as yours, Sir.

Bell. I wou'd always have my Meaning plain, Madam, that I might ever appear your Humble Servant.

Mar. And her Slave.

Bell. Do you Dream?

Mar. No, I am awake: Mine are Viſions all. Come, come! Throw off the Mask. D'think I have forgot, when ſhe was laſt in Town, how with an affected Negligence you Courted her, as Life; told her her Faults only to be thought ſincere, when e'er you ſpoke your Love, and prais'd her Virtues; thou poor Diſſembler!

Bell. You ſhall reform me then: I will diſſemble no longer, ſince it diſpleaſes you. Pray, Madam, have you lately heard from Mr. ——— him, who won a Thouſand Pounds at *Pickett* of you, and generouſly forgave the Debt.

Mar. Inſulting Monſter! To reproach me with what Neceſſity, Confuſion, and Surprize ſubdu'd me too; when Love and Choice reſign'd me up to you.

Bell. You Love reſign'd to me no more than your Want did to him. But I'm not Caſuiſt enough to decide which is beſt, betwe[illegible] Two Things that generally produce the ſame Effect.

Mar. Then there is no deciding which is worſe, the Devil or you. Since Ingratitude and Miſchief, Falſhood and Ruin, proceed alike from both, thou Faithleſs, Baſe, Perfidious Man. [*Exit Marlove.*

Bell. Thou very, very—— true Woman!

Bell. [*Solus.*] I begin to wiſh I'd had no Hand in this Marriage; but he forc'd me to uſe my Intereſt with *Marlove*, to influence *Moderna*; 'twas never my Judgment: But here he is.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Bellamar, welcome, welcome to the Man that owes his Peace and Happineſs to you; ſay, how can my Gratitude repay the Joy you gave me with *Moderna*.

Bell. Why, juſt the Way you do, by being happy with her. Believe me, Friend, I am as glad to ſee thee pleas'd, as Knaves would be to have thee griev'd. —— I need not ask how your Wife does, ſince your Joys ſeem without Allay.

Wor. They are indeed, *Bellamar*. And ——

Bell. Hold, I gueſs what you would ſay; Rapturous Love, *Elizium* Fields, and all the Joys that Poets ever dream'd of, are much ſurpaſs'd by yours.

Wor. Bellamar, thou art in the Right; I am happier if poſſible than thou haſt ſpoken; and what's impoſſible to her?

Bell. That's hard to ſay. In the mean Time, Is it poſſible for you to tell me where you was a-going.

Wor. No farther, now I've met you; though I had a Compliment this Morning from my Rival *Alamode*, to tell me, even the Plague, much leſs the Summer, cou'd not empty *London*, whilſt my Wife and I were here. —— What do you think of viſiting him? His Lodgings are hard by. 'Twill amuſe an idle Hour.

Bell. I ſhould readily conſent, if I was not ſure he had a Thouſand idle Ones to be reveng'd on us.

Wor. You continue ſtill moſt implacable to him, and poor *Lurcher*.

Bell. Becauſe they are moſt monſtrouſly Incorrigible. —— The Foppery of *Alamode* puts one out of Countenance Ten Times a Day. You are as dear to him one Moment as his own Affectations; and the next, he's as great a Stran-

ger to you as to true Senſe or good Breeding: Then his Converſation is a perpetual War with Words, which the Ladies and their Favourites not underſtanding, admire for Wit. In ſhort, he's a meer Perſpective, pleaſes at a Diſtance, but when you are near, you'll find the Colours are upon an inſenſible Wall. ——— However, if you've a Mind, I'll go, though Fifty to One he'll not be at Home.

Wor. I ſhou'd have thought for that very Reaſon, you wou'd have gone. But how come you to fancy a Man of his Faſhion ſhou'd be Abroad ſo early?

Bell. Such a one would be moſt likely, for want of Entertainment at Home, and a Deſire to trouble other People: But I have another Reaſon to think ſo; the Coxcomb, ever fertile in Foppery, has taken lately into his Head a Fancy of changing his Name, and ſeeing none on certain Days, but ſome particular People. I luckily call'd one of thoſe Times, and his Servants told me that his Maſter went by the Name of *Le bel Eſprit*, and that Day ſaw none but Courtiers.

Wor. He was in the right, or he would have got a new Name.

Bell. I thought ſo, and forgave all his other Follies for the Sake of this one, ſince it hinder'd my ſeeing him.

Wor. This is ſtrangely abſurd, and wou'd ſeem monſtrous even upon the Stage, where 'tis lawful to repreſent Figures larger than the Life.

Bell. In my Opinion the Poets have no great Obligation to Mankind for that Liberty; 'tis no more than granting them what's impoſſible: I've ſeen more Gigantick Fools upon the Theatre of the World, than were ever ſhewn at the *Theatre Royal* ——— What do you think of a Coxcomb walking over an intimate Acquaintance of Six Foot High, and bowing to a Dwarf with a Nick-Name, at the further end of a Gallery; and then excuſing himſelf to the Man he trod upon, by ſaying he did not ſee him? There is another Species not unlike theſe Things, who look as ſaucily upon you when they are in Power, as on their Footmen when they aſk their Wages; and the Moment they are turn'd out, ready to go of your Errand, and profeſſing Friendſhip to a Doorkeeper: Is not this as prodigious as a Man's changing his Name? Death! changing one's Nature, or having no Nature at all,

is

is being more a *Caliban* than ever Fiction dream'd on——Wretches without Honour or Senſe!

Wor. You muſt confeſs this in Honour to their Senſe, they all ſuſpect one another.

Bell. And you muſt allow, in Reproach to it, they all truſt one another.

Wor. Your Satyr turns extreamly upon great Men; 'tis lucky for the Crowd, they paſs by uncenſur'd.

Bell. Becauſe little Villains are meer *Iriſh* Vermin, carry no Venom in 'em; but the Crimes of Great Men, like the poiſonous Serpents, conceal Deſtruction under their exterior Luſtre: Their Examples are ſo many Commands to the inferior World, and the heedleſs Herd are caught as Apes and Monkeys are, by an ignorant Admiration and Propenſity to mimick thoſe who only make Slaves and Jeſts of 'em——But does your Indulgence for an Aſs continue ſtill? Won't this Pop cure you of your Charity for the Fool *Lurcher*?

Wor. Nothing can cure me of the Value I have for his Truth.

Bell. Yes: Believing him will, I'll anſwer for it, the Rogue is as unſincere as a Firſt Miniſter, and would lie as faſt, if he had Language enough to be Intelligible; but want of that makes all he ſays neither true nor falſe; for Giberiſh cannot properly be called either.

Wor. Fie, Fie; *Lurcher* is a well natur'd honeſt Fellow; and let me tell you, good Nature and Complaiſance will attone for the want of infinite good Qualities, that are requiſite to excuſe the Defect of 'em.

Bell. Pox of his Complaiſance and good Nature; 'tis the Effect of Idleneſs, and want of Inclinations of his own: Then for being honeſt, 'tis Fear keeps him ſo.

Wor. Nay, you muſt allow him Courage.

Bell. Yes. If you'll try it as you do Gold, by the *Weight*, he'll turn the Scale againſt *Alexander*.

Wor. There's a ſurer way of trying Gold, by Fire.

Bell. Which to my Knowledge he can't ſtand on a Training Days I've ſeen him ſtare and look Pale at a Squib at my Lord-Mayor's Show.

Wor. Involuntary Motions——*Cæſar*, we are told, would often faint.

Bell. Ay. But *Cæsar* was a Lion when he came to himself; and then 'tis the other's most an Ass. To be sincere, I hate this Fool worse than *Alamode*.

Wor. Come, you're too severe upon poor *Lurcher*, in preferring *Alamode* to him.

Bell. I differ with you; I can forgive a Coxcomb sooner than a Fool. Fops are like those Insects that fly about in hot Weather, rather troublesome than hurtful: Creatures that in common Justice must be annihilated, for they have not Virtues enough to save 'em, nor Vices enough to damn 'em.

Wor. I always thought Coxcombs less pardonable than Fools, because their Faults are generally of their own acquiring, and the others impos'd by Nature.

Bell. So is the Cruelty of Tygers, Wolves, and Mountain Cats, natural too, and therefore in my Opinion the more to be fear'd, by as much as 'tis harder to change Nature than reform Custom. As to the Coxcombs, amuse 'em with Women; take all the Letters they receive from their Creditors for *Billet-Deux*; Give 'em Ribbons, Essence, fine Cloaths and Flattery, and you may sooth the harmless Things into doing any Good that does not interrupt their Folly. But a Fool is a very *English* Bull-dog, you may injure, but can't oblige him; they are despis'd as Dull and Little, and Men never know their Strength and Activity, till they feel it at their Throats.

Wor. Coxcombs have a slower, but full as sure a way of killing, by torturing of your Ears; though I confess bad is the best. But I've forgot, How does my Friend *Townly*? He's no Fool, I hope.

Bell. No; but he makes a great many by passing upon them for a Wit.

Wor. Poh. He cou'd not do that if he had not Wit.

Bell. Pardon me, 'tis but resolving, and by the help of Party, you may have a good Character as easy as a bad one: You're a Patriot at St. *James's* Coffee-House, and a Rebel at the *Cocoa-Tree*; Fool in one Company, and a Philosopher in another. But don't imagine from this, that I think he wants plain Sense and Honesty.

Wor. Well, an useful Understanding passes most current in the World.

Bell. Ay: As Farthings do in a Market, they're the ready Change for Things of leaſt Value there.

Wor. I grant you, Wit, like Painting, is valuable, as it entertains us; but whoever gazes all his Time away *upon Pictures, or ſpends it on the other*, will be left Naked, Dry and Hungry.

Bell. I'm glad Wit has any Thing in common with Virtue. But in the Pleaſure of meeting you, I forgot a little Buſineſs I had to do. [*Pulls out his Watch.*

Wor. Shall I ſee you at Dinner?

Bell. Moſt certainly. I intended if I had not met you.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Scene changes to Worthy's *Lodging.*

Enter Moderna *and* Marlove.

Moderna. Dear *Marlove*! What has kept you ſo long? I waited for you as impatiently as the Country Ladies do for the Aſſizes or a Horſe-Race; you muſt expect for the firſt Month nothing but rural Similies.

Marlove. For the firſt Month? For your whole Life, I hope; ſince I would always have you bring your Images from the Seat of Innocence and Quiet.

Mod. O, Yes! they're as innocent as *Adam* and *Eve* without their Aprons: But then, believe me, they're as ignorant too.

Mar. I'm glad to find neither Marriage, nor the Country, have been able to ſpoil thy Gaiety. You ſtand a little indebted to me; for ſure, had you had that Creature of ſome Twenty ſeveral Shops, that Pop *Alamode*, you wou'd have been a miſerable Woman.

Mod. Perhaps not.——I can't tell whether 'twould not have been better if I had Married him, for then Fifty to One I ſhould have diſlik'd him by this Time.

Mar. And don't you, as it is?

Mod. What if I did not?

Mar. If you didn't, I should think you in the Green-Sickneſs, and pin'd for Trash, whilſt the luxurious *Autumn* offer'd you his Luſcious Store.

Mod. Shu! 'tis but a luſty Surfeit, and one's well for ever.—Prithee, dear *Marlove*,—Why ſo ſevere? You over-rul'd my Inclinations in this Match: Beſides, you know, Child, our Affections are no more in our Choice than our natural Complexions, therefore we are no more accountable for loving a Fool, than liking an ill Face; we'll be judg'd by my Siſter.

Enter Florinda.

I was juſt defending the Cauſe of Fools; What is your Opinion?

Flor. That 'twas generouſly done, Madam, to defend your greateſt Enemies.

Mod. Piſh——But what do you ſeriouſly think, are they really deſpicable or no?

Flor. Not in their own Opinions; I'll anſwer for 'em, or they were not Fools.

Mod. Horrid! But anſwer me directly, is not a Fool as entertaining as a Farce.

Flor. I grant you. But wou'd you, becauſe a Farce diverts you for half an Hour, live with *Harlequin*?

Mar. Nay! I vow ſhe's in the Right on't. One goes to ſee Monſters, or the Tombs for Amuſement; but I ſhou'd be ſorry to be lock'd up with them.

Mod. Becauſe they can't talk to one.

Flor. In that, I think 'em preferrable to Fools.

Mod. O fye, Siſter! Never go about to perſuade me, that a living Fool has not more Merit with us, than the Seven Wiſe Maſters of *Greece*. [*Knocking at the Door.*

Flor. Lord! here's the more faſhionable Drums and Trumpets coming in the Name of Congratulatory Viſits, *Marlove*. Let us be gone.

[*Exeunt* Flor. *and* Mar.

Enter Bellamar.

Bell. To give you Joy upon your Marriage, Madam, were needleſs. All I can wiſh you, is, May your Happineſs know no Change.

B 4 *Mod.*

Mod. For Heavens ſake! Why, confine me? What if I ſhou'd change my Inclinations?

Bell. Why, 'twoud be as unpardonable in you, as to change your Face, ſince you muſt do both for the worſe.

Mod. But without changing one's Inclinations, one might be as well Ugly as Handſome; as they who have no Variety of Paſſions, may as well be Poor as Rich.

Enter Alamode.

Sir, your humble Servant!

Alam. Madam, your Slave! You've left the Country Deſart in Spight of Spring, and Winter flouriſhes now you are here.

Bell. It does not ſeem ſo by your Shoes.

Alam. Shoes! What do you mean?

Bell. They are not Dirty, that's all.

Ala. O! I never walk, but at Chapel, the Drawing-Room, or the Houſe of Commons.

Bell. I thought the Members ſat at the Houſe of Commons.

Ala. Admirable! But 'tis cruel to rob me of a Pun? You might as well diſrobe me, Ha! I think that was well enough.

Enter Townly.

Town. Madam, I'm extreamly glad to ſee you ſo well in Health, and with a Huſband!

Mod. I'm oblig'd to you, Sir. I'm happily poſſeſs'd of both.

Ala. O dear *Townly*, I joy to ſee thee!

Town. You do! —— Gad, I met you juſt now, and you did not know me.

Ala. I ask Ten Thouſand Pardons. I was thinking, and did not ſee you.

Town. I believe the latter, becauſe you trod upon me. Prithee, What was you thinking on?

Enter

Enter Maid, whiſpers Moderna.

Mod. Gentlemen, you'll excuſe me. We all dine together, I hope. [*Exit Moderna.*

Town. As I was a Saying, What was your Thoughts employ'd on?

Ala. Why? —— A Criticiſm on one of Mr. *Congreve*'s Plays, where he expoſes Men of Quality, by making 'em Fops and Fools.

Bell. I have heard Judges ſay, he drew exactly after Nature.

Ala. Good, *Bellamar*; very good. —— *Townly*, when ſhall I hear thee ſay ſuch a Thing? Thy Wit is like a certain Friends of ours, who to be very ſharp, bids you kiſs his A---, and laughs. You know him, *Bellamar?*

Bell. Yes, to have no Sharpneſs, but what he owes to his Amours. And tho' his Satyr comes from his Mouth like other Men's, 'tis not from his Brain.

Ala. But his Stomach; ſweetly intimating his Breath is ſowre. —— Sweet and Sowre. —— You know.

Town. I perceive, *Alamode* is as well pleas'd with *Antitheſis* as Mr. *Bayes.*

Bell. He's as pleas'd with a Fool as Mr. *Bayes.*

Town. What's that, *Alamode?*

Ala. Why, as much as to ſay, *Townly*, I am very well pleas'd when thee and I meet. Ha! *Bellamar.*

Bell. A fair Hit. But I thought every Body knew a Jeſt and you were inſeparable; and that 'twas impoſſible to find the one without the other.

Ala. I'm ſure one can never find you without the obliging'ſt Things in Nature. I'll tell you, *Bellamar*, a Pun I made t'other Day: I was maintaining at *White*'s, that the *Czar*'s Troops were the braveſt Fellows in the World. Why ſo, Sir? ſays the Brigadier. Why ſo, Sir, ſays I, the Reaſon's plain, for they always Ruſh on when they muſt go fight: So I went Abroad and told it; and Folks made me bluſh, by ſaying I had too much Wit.

Enter Lurcher.

O *Lurcher*, I'm ſure thou art no Cheat!

Bell.

Bell. I wiſh he is not, for he looks like a Man.

Ala. And what then?

Bell. Nothing. But that they are too often Cheats.

Ala. Cry you Mercy! that Turn eſcap'd me.

Lur. No Matter what I look like, I know what you talk like.

Bell. Prithee now, What?

Lur. Why, like one that hates ev'ry Body who have not as much Wit as your ſelf.

Bell. You wrong me, my Quarrel was only with thoſe who have ſo little, that their going upon Two Legs looks like playing of Tricks. How long have we been Foes, *Lurcher*?

Town. I'll tell you, if you won't think me a Fool for repeating his Words.

Lur. Ay, tell him, tho' he was the only Man I deſir'd you not to tell.

Bell. Then I am the only Man he ought to tell, for I hope thou never ſpok'ſt well of me.

Town. If you're grave, I'm dumb. —— 'Twas the ſimpleſt Thing in the World: The Day we din'd laſt together, *Bellamar* negligently went into the Room before *Lurcher*, ſate upon his Right Hand at Table. —— And worſt of all, took the Glaſs of Wine he call'd for, and with it his Stomach; for he cou'd not eat out of Anger.

Bell. Is that all, I'm ſorry for it, dear *Lurcher*: To make thee amends, thou ſhalt go to Heaven before me, if thou canſt.

Lur. Well then, Are we Friends?

Bell. Entirely. What think you of a Turn in the Park till Dinner?

Ala. Agreed. —— I find we all dine together.

Town. Don't you come, *Lurcher*, *Bellamar* will go into the Room before you, and take your Glaſs again.

[*Exeunt all but* Lurcher.

Lur. *Worthy* is my good Friend, I will ſtay and Dine, for all them. —— Beſide, I have a Deſign to ask him for his rich Siſter. I know he loves me; but then he loves *Bellamar* better. I wiſh I cou'd make 'em fall out, then ſhou'd I have her ſnug to my ſelf.

Enter

Enter Marlove.

Mar. How comes this Fool to ſtumble on this frightful Probability? I am alarm'd! And ſomething muſt be done, for ſhou'd it be a Match, *Bellamar* is loſt! For his Behaviour juſt now ſufficiently confirmed me, if ſhe gives her Conſent, his will not be wanting.

[*Coming towards* Lurcher.

What's that you are reſolving to try, *Lurcher*?

Lur. To vex them that vex me.

Mar. Who are they?

Lur. No Matter. But mayhap I may fit 'em as well. Will you carry me up and introduce me to Mr. *Worthy*'s Siſter?

Mar. With all my Heart. [*Aſide.*] Fools are often lucky at gueſſing. —— I muſt improve this Hint, tho' the Fancy of a Fool; for ſhou'd it be Real, I am loſt.

Enter Moderna *and* Florinda.

Moderna *repeating Verſes.*

She made it plain, that human Paſſion
Was ordered by Predeſtination:
That if weak Women go aſtray,
The Stars are more in Fault than they.

Mod. What think you, *Florinda?*

Mar. Ladies, your Servant! —— I was juſt coming up to you. This honeſt Gentleman, Madam, is a Friend of your Huſband's; and deſires to be known to you and your Siſter.

Mod. Recommended by you, and my Huſband's Friend, are Merits will always make him welcome here.

Lur. O Lord! Madam, I am welcome where-ever I go. All People love honeſt *Lurcher*! I am known every where by the ſame Name.

Flor. That proceeds from your being every where the ſame Thing, I dare ſay, Sir.

Lur.

Lur. Yes, Madam; for I am the ſame I was the Hour I was Born; never have any Thing to do, but to go to Plays and Opera's, or where People ask me: 'Twould kill another Man to do as I do.

Flor. No, ſure, for he would die firſt.

Lur. D'you think ſo; thank God I'm as healthy as a Horſe; pardon the Compariſon.

Flor. If the Horſe does, I do. But pray, Sir, Was you never in Love? That wou'd try the Strength of your Heart, more than all you have mentioned.

Lur. She likes me, I ſee——She talks of Love, [*Aſide.*——Never but with a Couſin of my own, who is as like me as ever ſhe can Stare; juſt ſuch a Face for all the World, and ſuch a Humour; every-body ſaid we ſhou'd have made a charming Couple; but ſhe was my Second Couſin; had ſhe been my Firſt, I might lawfully have married her.

Flor. It is unlucky for the reſt of Womankind——You'll never love ſo truly again; our firſt Paſſion is ever the ſincereſt.

Lur. She's at it again. [*Aſide.*] Not ſo neither, Madam; your Ladyſhip methinks is as like her in Perſon as any Thing, only indeed you are not ſo facetious. Gemini, the Jokes we uſed to crack upon our Neighbours, and upon one another: I ſhall never forget one ſhe made upon me at a Chriſtning; ſaid ſhe, I believe your Father and Mother were both Maids when they were married; becauſe when Two Maidenheads meet they always get a Fool. Ha! ha!

Mod. I believe by that your Couſin's Father and Mother were not Maids when they married, for ſhe was no Fool.

Lur. How come you to know that? No more they were n't; and that broke off the Match, for they ſay ſhe was a Baſtard.

Flor. I thought, being your Relation made it impoſſible.

Lur. Not ſo neither: For by paying ſo much Yearly to the Poor, I was told the Spiritual Court would wink at it.

Mar. This muſt break her Heart ſure?

Lur. No; that was too tough, as they ſay, but it did turn her Brains.

Flor.

Flo. Then ſhe was cured of her Paſſion, I ſuppoſe, Sir?

Lur. No, Madam; I told you Truth, I never tell any Thing elſe: Your Brother always ſaid I was too honeſt to live in this World.

Flor. But happily you have another Quality, that always thrives, though Honeſty don't.

Enter Maid, whiſpers her Miſtreſs.

Lur. If it is any Errand, Madam, I'll go. I've nothing to do.

Mad. I thank you, Sir, 'tis what I hope will employ us all. The Company and Dinner wait.

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Worthy, Bellamar, *and* Lurcher, *as juſt riſen from Dinner.*

Wor. IF I am not mightily miſtaken, *Bellamar*, your Inclinations are not different from mine; here is none but my Friend, honeſt *Lurcher*; I may ſpeak freely of a Deſign I long have wiſh'd to execute, by binding of our Friendſhips by the Name of Brother: Tell me; Do you like my Siſter well enough to ſay that ſeriouſly which you have ſo often ſpoken to her in Gallantry?

Bell. I like her, as one that has her Sexes Beauties with her Brother's Mind; ſo well, that I conjure you by our Friendſhip, put not the leaſt Conſtraint upon her Actions: Let her make me happy; or at leaſt leave me the Pleaſure of reflecting I have not made her miſerable.

Wor.

Wor. 'Tis generouſly anſwer'd. You have my Conſent; now gain her your own way.——But ſhall we go in? The Women talk'd of Tea.

[Wor. *and* Bell. *Exeunt.*

[*Manet Lurcher.*

Enter Marlove *hearkning.*

Lur. 'Tis ſo; juſt as I expected, they are to be married I find.

Mar. To be Married! then his Suſpicions and my Fears are true——But ſtay, I'll hear more. [*Aſide.*

Lur. Her Sexes Beauty with her Brother's Mind; thoſe were his Words.

Mar. Then Hell's blackeſt Falſhood was in them. [*Aſide.*

Lur. He is in Love, I ſee——But I may ſpoil his Sport. If I could make him baniſh *Bellamar* his Houſe—— For ſhe ſeems to like me——I'll try.

Mar. Leave that to me, *Lurcher*, for I've overheard all you've been ſaying, and will join my Intereſt to advance you in her Eſteem; and for your Comfort, know *Worthy*'s Siſter hates *Bellamar*: Yet further for your Hopes, if you can keep a Secret, ſhe is, I know, in Love with you. Her Brother will, ſhe tells me, this Day force her to marry *Bellamar*, if ſome Means are not found out to avert the Blow.

Lur. What d'ye think of making *Worthy* jealous of *Bellamar* with his Wife?——If you'll tell me what to ſay, ——I'll ſwear any Thing.

Mar. That won't do——Her Paſſion lies ſo much another Way;——beſides, he is ſo indifferent in his Behaviour, the Malice will appear.

Lur. I know well enough who you mean, 'tis *Alamode*. ——I ſaw him Whiſper, and put a Note into her Hand riſing from Table, and went away immediately.

Mar. No; I have a better Proſpect——But let us be gone,——they'll miſs us elſe——How quick to fear is Guilt!——Go wait for me at my Houſe.

[*Exeunt* Lurcher.

Scene

Scene opens.

They all come forward from the Tea-Table, Moderna *Fanning, and ſpeaking as out of Humor.*

Mod. Nay, 'tis endleſs to diſpute; you are a Wit, and will always be in the Right.

Wor. That I am both, appears in nothing ſo much as admiring you.

Mod. Flattery, after one is married, is downright Abuſe, becauſe we know 'tis Flattery.

Bell. And yet 'tis then we want it moſt.

Mod. How ſo, pray?

Bell. Becauſe we generally diſcover Faults that won't bear Truth, which we conceal'd before.

Mod. Ay, but the Diſeaſe is then grown deſperate, and Sleeping Draughts are beſt to quiet what's incurable.

Bell. I'm of your Opinion; and it ſhou'd go near to quiet, if I prepar'd it.

Mod. Monſter! but tell me *Bellamar*, what wou'd you ſay if a Woman ſhou'd endeavour to make a Fool of you?

Bell. Why, that ſhe was inclined to love me, and ſo endeavour'd to make me what was moſt agreeable to her.

Flor. Your Wit, Sir, makes you forget here are Women in the Room.

Bell. You and your Siſter's always does, Madam——therefore——

Mod. Prithee hold your Tongue, and keep your Compliment, for I wou'd not be a Wit for the World.

Bell. Why, Madam——'tis the beſt Security againſt Envy.

Wor. Ay, but 'tis not the beſt Security againſt Hatred, *Bellamar*.

Bell. I wonder it ſhou'dn't,——'tis the harmleſſeſt Thing upon Earth, it never infects any Body.

Flor. You're intolerable; I'm ſurpriz'd you eſcape.

Bell. If you mean the Power of your Eyes, Madam, I have not eſcap'd?

Flor. Ridiculous Creature; I would rather hear you rail than praiſe, becauſe I'm ſure you're ſincere then.

Bell. Nay, I'm Dumb, Madam; I ſay nothing.

Flor. You need not be Dumb to ſay that.

Mod. Nay, if you begin to be ſevere on one another, do it to ſome Purpoſe, e'en marry and be heartily reveng'd; ſo I leave you to decide the Quarrel —— *Marlove* we muſt go into the City.

[*Exit* Marlove *and* Moderna.

Wor. Townly, thee and I will make a Viſit —— Siſter, you'll entertain *Bellamar*. [*Exit* Worthy *and* Townly.

[*Manet* Florinda *and* Bellamar.

Bell. Now I find myſelf in earneſt, I'm as aukward as Sir *Willfull Witwou'd* —— how near are Sincerity and Dullneſs allied! full as near as ſtrong Deſire and Impotence. I'm ſo Silly and ſo Serious, that I'm downright Speechleſs —— [*Aſide*] I wonder, Madam, where your Brother is gone.

Flor. Wou'd you have me go and inquire, Sir —— He looks ſhamefully-Guilty, and I'm glad to ſee it. [*Aſide.*

Bell. For God's ſake, Madam, I only aſk'd *pour paſſer le temps.*

Flor. A moſt happy Expedient truly; but I interrupted ſome Jeſt, I fear —— You ſeem to be in a moſt pleaſant Humour.

Bell. That's pardonable in you, Madam, who can make ſuch good ones of your own.

Flor. I'm oblig'd to you, Sir, for that Power.

Bell. You are, but 'tis ſorely againſt my Will.

Flor. I ſhou'd be ſorry to oppoſe your Will, whilſt you have that dying Look.

Bell. I'm glad you think me in ſo deſperate a Condition, you'll the eaſier believe what I ſay, ſince the Words of even dying Criminals are ſeldom doubted.

Flor. I wou'd be glad to know what you have to diſcover, that makes you ſo ſollicitous to be believ'd.

Bell. Truth of great Importance, that will, if I recover, concern my Life.

Flor. But if you ſhou'd not recover, what wou'd you leave me?

Bell. I have nothing I can call my own; you, like a bold Invader, have born away by force what elſe my Faith and Love had offer'd.

Flor. And what had my Brother's Viſit to do with this Speech? Why did you not at once open your Snuff-box, and then the Caſe?

Bell. Truly, from not thinking well of myſelf, nor ill enough of you, to aſk you to reſign the World for me.

Flor. Tho' you pretend too much Modeſty to aſk it, I'll be ſworn you have Vanity enough to expect it.

Bell. Rather ſay, I've Love enough to wiſh it, and too much, I fear, to be eaſy under a Diſappointment.

Flor. Love from you ſounds like Religion from Atheiſts, they never name it but in Ridicule or Complaiſance to the Company.

Bell. I beg you not to think —— becauſe I laugh at the *French* Prophets, I'm ſo inſenſible as to reject Truths enforc'd by Miracles.

Flor. Ay, but Women like a little of the Prophet, a Man to win us muſt ſee Viſions and dream Dreams till he is quite out of his Senſes, and then we'll believe him ſent by Love.

Bell. You are to blame, your Intereſt is the ſame with true Religion, a Man loves you the more for being in his Senſes.

Flor. How comes it then all your Lovers in Romances and Novels are raving?

Bell. Faith, unleſs their Authors were ſo, I can't tell; or if that was a Proof, as you pretend, it ought to be a kind of Mortification, for it looks as if you were not the proper Objects of Reaſon's Worſhip.

Flor. Yes, but we love to be ſerv'd implicitly; it ſhows our Power. Now your Reaſon is an inquiſitive Free-thinker, that rather preſcribes than obeys.

Bell. It only inquires that it may ſerve you as you deſerve, a Doctrine Women of your Merit ought to propagate, and ſcorn the Offering of Ignorance, that daily ſacrifices to Idols.—Believe me, the want of Senſe makes every Victory ridiculous.

Flor. Too much Senſe has often the ſame effect as too little.

Bell. Then there are fewer ridiculous Things in the World than I imagin'd.

Flor.

Flor. And ſo you wou'd have us increaſe the Number and marry.

Bell. And why not —— for People are generally fondeſt of their own Jeſts.

Flor. Nay, 'tis a ſecure Way of never being without one.

Bell. Which in a Month's time every Body will laugh at but ourſelves.

Flor. Does not that Thought frighten you?

Bell. Not when I think how many happy Ages will rowl round me, and of the painful Hours I am to count without you.

Flor. And ſo you are really in Love.

Bell. As certainly as any one muſt be that ſaw you.

Flor. And how certain is that, pray?

Bell. Why juſt as certain as that you don't think I flatter when I tell you ſo.

Flor. Odious! I don't think of the Matter.

Bell. I'm glad to hear it, you'll the likelier conſent.

Flor. Since you've help'd me to an Excuſe I can't tell but I may.

Bell. Then let us loſe no Time.

For Beauty like a Shadow flies,
And our Youth before us dies.
Flor. *Or wou'd Youth and Beauty ſtay,*
Love hath Wings and will away.

But for all that I'll venture —— tho' I'm in the wrong to conſent thus eaſily, for Men generally meaſure the Value of Things by the Difficulty they have in obtaining 'em.

Bell. Quite contrary, Madam, nothing dignifies a Benefit ſo much as a readineſs in conferring it; and Men never like any thing for the ſake of the Difficulty, but deſpiſe all Difficulties for the ſake of what they like; the Charm is in the Prize, not in the Hardſhip. But in return to your Goodneſs, I beg you wou'd make your own Terms.

Flor. No, Love is free as Air, and, like it, grows diſtemper'd by Confinement: You ſhall be abſolute, for I ſhou'd hate the Good you did me by Compulſion, and ſcorn whatever little Contracts without Love produc'd.

Bell. Generous Creature —— I'll inſtantly inform your Brother of my bleſt Succeſs with you; he, I'm ſure, will not delay my Happineſs.

Thou, ſure, wer't left of all the Race uncurſt,
To ſhew how perfect Heaven form'd Woman firſt.

Scene changes to Mrs. Commode's, *an* India *Houſe, and diſcovers* Alamode *with a Heap of Fans, Snuff-boxes, and other Toys before him.*

Enter Moderna.

Ala. Madam, your Slave —— You're opportunely come to help me in the choice of a Snuff-box for the Woman I love beſt.

Mod. That will require, Sir, what you won't agree to, my knowing the Lady, for our Taſts may differ.

Ala. Impoſſible, you may as eaſily differ from yourſelf.

Mod. That mayn't be ſo hard a Taſk, perhaps. But are you awake, do you know what you ſay?

Ala. I vow to God, Madam, I mean nothing, but that my Miſtreſs is an Angel, and you are another —— And Angels muſt always like the ſame Thing.

Mrs. Com. Yes, indeed, Madam, I'm ſure that's what he meant —— If your Ladyſhip had but heard what he ſaid of your Wit and Beauty!

Mod. Fie, Mrs. *Commode*, I wou'd have ſome Tea.

Mrs. Com. There is ſome juſt ready, Madam.

Mod. Ay, but I hate this publick Room, one's kill'd with idle People.

Mrs. Com. Ay, Madam, I have a charming Room above Stairs your Ladyſhip never ſaw; with the charm-

charmingeſt rich Covering for a Bed that ever came into *England*. Will you be pleas'd to walk up, Madam?

Mod. I'll follow you, Mrs. *Commode* —— Your Servant, Sir.

Ala. Nay, you muſt not exclude me, Madam.

Mrs. Com. Oh! pray, Madam, have Mr. *Alamode*'s Fancy in the Covering; all the Ladies ſay he has a charming Fancy in a Covering. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to Worthy's *Houſe.*

Enter Marlove *and Maid.*

Mar. Is Mrs. *Florinda* to be ſeen?

Maid. I'll let her know you are here, Madam.

Marlove *Sola.*

Mar. I'll try how ſhe's inclin'd, before I give a looſe to my Revenge; but why ſhou'd I be angry with *Bellamar*? I ſhew'd him firſt the way to change his Love, by being falſe myſelf —— Fool that I was, firſt to give him up my Perſon, Honour, and my Heart, and then to wrong him; he's a Wretch we ſhou'd deſpiſe, that cou'd forgive an Injury in Love; for ſuch an Eaſineſs beſpeaks Indifferency for us, or elſe a Meanneſs in the Lover's Soul, that everlaſtingly condemns our Choice —— But here's *Florinda* —— Be calm my Griefs.

Enter Florinda *with* Milton *in her Hand.*

Flor. You'll forgive me, dear *Marlove*, and yet I don't know how to expect it, when I conſider what kept me ſo long.

Mar. If this was it [*looking at the Book*] I muſt approve your better Choice.

Flor. 'Tis ſilly to own it; but I've been as angry with Mother *Eve*, as ever Mother was with a Child.

Mar. What Part provok'd you ſo?

Flor. Don't you ſee —— her Obſtinacy in wandring from her Husband, contrary to his Will and common Senſe —— I can't help thinking it like ſome of our fine Ladies, who think their Husbands inhumanly cruel, if they won't believe they wou'd reſiſt the Charms of all Mankind united for their ſake, and yet won't ſacrifice ſuch a Trifle as a publick Place or Viſit to his Quiet.

Mar. You'll make ſome Man envied, and all Womankind aſham'd, when you marry, if you reaſon thus.

Flor. The latter will be againſt my Will then; for all I propoſe in Marriage, is to make two People as happy as I can, by never doing any thing to be aſham'd of myſelf.

Mar. Then you do think of marrying?

Flor. And what will ſurprize you more, I'll marry from having thought on't.

Mar. By no means, ſince you judge too well to chuſe amiſs —— ſhou'd I not be too curious to aſk the happy Man ——— Now hold my Heart. [*Aſide.*

Flor. Not at all, ſince my own Inclinations are confirm'd by my Brother's Approbation ——— though, perhaps, you'll laugh when I name him, 'tis *Bellamar.*

Mar. I wiſh you may have reaſon to laugh.

Flor. What's the Danger?

Mar. He's a Man, that's all.

Flor. Or between you and I, *Marlove*, I wou'd not have him; wou'd you?

Mar. I! not for the *Indies* ——— What ſtoop to be the Refuge of a Fop, who brings me the Refuſe of the whole Town; and, tir'd of Life, wou'd bury himſelf with me!

Flor. Yet you perſuaded *Moderna* in my Brother's Favour, whom you knew a Man of Pleaſure.

Mar. Becauſe I knew him to be a Man of Honour.

Flor. Is not *Bellamar* too a Man of Honour?

Mar. I can't tell, I never truſted him.

Flor. Then when he's mine I beg you never will —— for believe me, *Marlove*, if he offers to borrow then, it muſt be out of Extravagancy.

Mar.

Mar. What d'ye mean, Madam?

Flor. Nothing, but that I'm glad to be marry'd well; we Women without a Husband are like Sheep without a Shepherd, expos'd to Wolves and Foxes.

Mar. And Marriage, like a Shepherd, ſaves you from Wolves and Foxes, only to ſell you to the Butcher's Knife, a Husband.

Flor. And ſo you wou'd have me graze my Life out, be ſhorn once a Year to ſupport the Woollen Manufactory, cloath Fools, and comfort decay'd Conſtitutions —— No, that will never do while my own is ſo good —— But don't you think I'm wild, *Marlove*?

Mar. You are in the way of being tam'd, remember I ſay ſo.

Flor. I'm glad of it, for to tell you the truth, I'm quite tir'd of this ſavage Life.

Mar. But had you not better live in a Tree than a Cage?

Flor. No, if I had a kind Maſter, 'twere better than being diſturb'd by hunting Fools and Hawks.

Mar. Well, I ſhall wonder at nothing, after your declaring in favour of the perfidious Sex with the Frankneſs of a downright Libertine.

Flor. I'll venture to ſay one thing, Madam, without thinking myſelf a Libertine: To ſubdue our Inclination to our Duty, is all I know of Virtue; for 'twere ridiculous to pretend a Merit in the Conqueſt of what didn't oppoſe us.

Mar. To have a Nature pure, and refin'd from all Paſſion, is ſure a higher degree of Excellence.

Flor. But ſince ſuch a one is not upon Earth, I ſhall inſiſt 'tis in Reſiſtance we acquire our Fame.

Mar. Well, I cou'd never come up to you —— What, go to Church and declare to the whole Congregation that I've the Inclinations of a Brute! Oh! I am ready to faint at the Thought of it!

Flor. May be you think the Place too publick; that puts me in mind of a Lady, who wou'd never taſte Wine at Table where ev'ry Body drank it, and got a red Face by drinking ſtrong Waters in her Cloſet.

Mar. Red Face, Madam —— mine is no redder than yours.

Flor. Yes it is —— No —— Now 'tis pale again.

Mar. I've gone too far [*Aside*] I muſt diſſemble, or my Looks will betray me —— I beg Pardon, dear *Florinda*, I've only rallied all this time.

Flor. I'm glad to hear it, I proteſt I was almoſt out of Temper, at your maintaining an Argument ſo different from your former Converſation —— I hope I have ſaid nothing I ſhou'd not, I mightily fear I have.

Mar. Nothing I aſſure you, but what I ſhou'd have ſaid in your Caſe —— Here's your Brother, he ſeems pleas'd.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. *Marlove*, you muſt be Witneſs this Night to the greateſt Happineſs of my Life, next to *Moderna* —— Siſter, *Bellamar* overjoy'd me with the News of your Conſent, and begs I'll not delay. So I'm reſolv'd I will not ſleep till he's pleas'd —— You may ſleep as much as you think fit.

Flor. I may, without bluſhing, own an Eſteem that's authoriz'd by you —— tho' my Friend *Marlove* has almoſt put me out of Humour with Mankind.

Mar. Lord, Child, I told you I was but in jeſt.

Wor. If ſhe'll follow your Example, I'll anſwer for it ſhe'll change her Mind. I muſt dance at your Wedding, remember, *Marlove*.

Mar. 'Twere kinder to dance at one's Funeral, for that is the End of our Sorrows, the other the Beginning.

Flor. Did not I tell you how averſe ſhe was —— What is it, dear *Marlove*, has chang'd you ſo o'th' ſudden?

Wor. Banter, meer Banter.

Mar. Nothing elſe, I aſſure you —— Lord, did you never ſay a Thing for the ſake of ſaying it?

Flor. Never; and I thank God I have not Wit enough to teach my Tongue a Language different from my Heart.

Mar.

Mar. May no Time nor Chance diſſolve the happy Union then; and ſo I take my Leave of you.

Wor. You'll be here, *Marlove* —— I'll invite the Company that din'd here, if they're to be found.

Mar. If I am able you may command me. [*Exit.*

Flor. Did you ever ſee any thing ſo alter'd? What can it mean?

Wor. I can't gueſs; a ſecret Sorrow ſeem'd to hang about her, that diſcover'd itſelf the more ſhe labour'd to conceal it.

Flor. It's odd, this ſtrange Diſlike to Matrimony ſhou'd ſeize her at this time. I remember nothing Gayer at your Wedding than ſhe was.

Wor. If I did not know Malice and Envy had Ten thouſand Tongues, and they all falſe, her Conduct would almoſt tempt me to believe common Fame; and that her Averſion to your marrying *Bellamar*, was like ſome memorable Patriot's Hatred to abſolute Power, that could not endure it in any Hands except their own. —— But I had forgot my Friend; I am accountable to him for every Hour I loſe. Come, Siſter, let's go in and prepare ev'ry thing. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Worthy's *Houſe.*

Enter Moderna, *reading a Letter.*

Mod. FROM *Alamode* —— But here's my Husband; he's now grown painful to me. Our Hate encreaſes with our Crimes; and the Sight of him we have injur'd is like the Ghoſt of one we have murder'd; it haunts away our Peace, awakes our Guilt, and fills our Souls with Horror.

Worthy *coming towards* Moderna.

Wor. Here ſhe is (*Aſide.*) What! retir'd, and talking to yourſelf: Truſt me, my Dear, it is unkind to rob my Eyes and Ears of all that can delight 'em. I've been this Hour in ſearch of you to let you know I'm reſolv'd this Evening to give my Siſter to *Bellamar*, if you approve of it.

Mod. Your Judgment, Sir, is too good to want a Woman's Skill.

Wor. Believe me, *Moderna*, 'tis mightily your Intereſt to have my Judgment good; for it ſpeaks wondrous Things in praiſe of you. But why ſo cold? Has any thing diſpleas'd my Love?

Mod. Sudden Vapours and Sickneſs at my Stomach.

Wor. Come, prithee cheer up, and glad my Heart that knows no Joy while thou art ſad. Here's *Marlove*, ſhe'll join to chaſe away your Cares.

Mod. Lord, I have no Cares —— but your importuning me to fly without Wings —— that is, to be merry when I have no Reaſon. *Marlove* your Servant.

Mar.

Mar. Your Servant: What makes you out of Humour, Child?

Mod. Ridiculous Queſtion! Why, what makes one old and ugly? Something we can't help, for one would be neither of the three by Choice.

Enter Bellamar, *overhearing.*

Bell. But why are you not as ready to help Nature in the Improvement of your Humour, as you are artful in mending your Complexion, and concealing your Age?

Mar. Becauſe, being better humour'd were to cultivate a Weakneſs that puts it in your Power to impoſe upon us, whilſt looking young and handſome enables us to cheat you. And 'tis in Love as 'tis in Play, you muſt be the Knave or the Fool.

Bell. This is a way of Reaſoning pardonable in none but thoſe ruin'd by Play. I hope no ill Run has turn'd you Gameſter, Madam.

Mar. No Matter: I ſhall never attempt repairing my Loſs by one who underſtands all the Game. You are in no Danger, Sir.

Wor. In no Danger, *Marlove!* Is he not going to be married? I told you you'd change your Mind.

Mar. So will he, if he has not chang'd his Nature.

Wor. Don't you think this Behaviour of *Marlove*'s moſt prodigious? [*Aſide to* Moderna.

Mod. Not at all; but your Friend and you are ſo cenſorious, 'tis not ſafe to ſpeak or look before you.

Wor. I've done——I leave you for a Minute to haſten the Bride.

Mod. Pray don't be in too great a Hurry; for I'm engag'd for an Hour. *Marlove*, Shall I ſet you down any where?

Mar. With all my Heart, if you go near the *Strand.*

[Exeunt Moderna *and* Marlove.

Wor. Your Liberty is now upon the Brink of Fate, as a Man's Life is when the Enemy appears in the Field. Don't you, like many of 'em, wiſh to make up the Quarrel, and part Friends?

Bell.

Bell. No; for I would no more preſerve my Freedom at the Price of my Love, than I would my Life at the Expence of my Honour.

Wor. Courage, *Bellamar*, the Enemy is as well determin'd as you: See you keep firm when ſhe appears.

Bell. Pleaſure will keep my Conſtancy in this, as Reputation wou'd do in the other.

Wor. I'll ſend and invite the Company that din'd here.

Bell. Do: In the mean time I'll go to the *Change*, and beſpeak ſome of the Enſigns of *Hymen*. Such as Favours, &c. [*Exeunt ambo.*

Scene changes to the New-Exchange, *and ſhows* Ala-mode *at Mrs.* Trifle's *Shop.*

Ala. Mrs. *Trifle*, d'ye eſteem this Eſſence eſſential?

Mrs. *Trifle.* I'll aſſure you, Sir, 'tis as fine as ever was put in Hair.

Ala. What's in that Paper?

Mrs. *Trifle*, Cravats, Sir.

Ala. May I crave at what Price you ſell 'em?

Mrs. *Trifle.* Twelve Pound the Dozen is the loweſt, if you'll take my Word, Sir.

Ala. If I ſhould take your Word, wou'd you not take me up?

Mrs. *Trifle.* Good God! Why ſhou'd you think ſo?

Ala. Becauſe 'twould be taking what was another's.

Mrs. *Trifle.* O, Sir, You are diſpos'd to be merry; however, I'l venture to take your Word. Here's a charming Piece of Lace: To be ſure I'll uſe you as well as any Body.

Enter Moderna.

Mrs. *Trifle.* Madam, your Ladyſhip's moſt humble Servant. I hope, Madam, your Head and Ruffles pleas'd your Ladyſhip.

Mod. By no means, Mrs. *Trifle*, nor any Body elſe.

Mrs. *Trifle.* I wonder at that, Madam; they were the ſame Pattern with my Lady *Roundabout*'s.

Mod.

Mod. And therefore I, nor no Body elſe lik'd them. I would aſſoon have my Stays made by her Meaſure, or let her ſit for my Picture, as have any thing I wear made by her Pattern.

Ala. What d'ye mean that over grown Blue-Coat Girl, who has always as much Muſlin about her Face as ſhe has Affectation, or Decay in it?

Mrs. *Trifle.* Indeed ſhe's in Faſhion now to be ſure.

Mod. Silly; She has been as long out of Faſhion as out of her Teens.

Ala. And out of Lovers.

Mod. Or Modeſty, for ſhe has yet the Aſſurance to ſnuff thoſe dim Eyes of hers, and twinkle after Hearts.

Ala. Then when ſhe would be obliging or civil, ſhe's as nauſeous as the old *Engliſh* Hoſpitality, that brings you Ale and Cheeſe for Breakfaſt: Or as a certain Knight's Lady that gives you Wine of her own making: I wou'd as live drink Water of her own making.

Mod. Well, ſurely an old Jeſt, or an old Story, is not duller than Love in an old Man or Woman.

Ala. Or 'tis as dull as a Country Town in Sermon-time.

Mod. Ay, or a Country Town at any time: Or as fooliſh as neglecting it in the Young.

Ala. A propos. Madam, I thank you for the Hint.

[*Whiſpers* Moderna.

Mod. Well, Mrs. *Trifle*, I'll ſend you that monſtrous Head and Ruffles; and if you can reduce them to a ſize fit for a Chriſtian, you'll do Miracles. Sir, your Servant.

[*Exit Moderna.*

Ala. You won't take leſs than Twenty Shillings a Cravat?

Mrs. *Trifle.* If I would I'm ſure, Sir, youwould not have the Conſcience to ask 'em cheaper.

Ala. Lay by a Dozen, with ſome Eſſence, ſweet Mrs. *Trifle*, and I'll ſend for 'em to Morrow. [*Exit laughing.*

Scene

Scene changes to Marlove's *House.*

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam, Mr. *Townley* is below.

Mar. Show him up. He is an old Admirer of mine: I could, if he would aſſiſt me in my Revenge, be tempted to do that out of Malice, which I ſhall never do out of Love; for *Lurcher*, I fear, is too great a Fool to be of any uſe.

Enter Townley *a little fuddled.*

Town. Love and the Hickup have ſeiz'd me ſo of the ſudden, I can't tell the dear Creature how much I love the Tip of her little Finger.

Mar. Shall I get you any thing to bring up the mighty Nothing you are big with?

Town. Three Go-downs of you would do me more good than warm Water.

Mar. You want warm Water to waſh thoſe Hands of thine, and that dear dirty Face. Why, Man, thou'rt as dirty as a Chymiſt.

Town. And as hot as his Fire. [*Hickups, and offers to kiſs her.*

Mar. Foh! And as windy as the Bellows that blows it. But prithee where haſt been?

Town. That's not to the purpoſe; ſhall I tell you where I would be?

Mar. Where all drunken Men generally would be, in the Place they are oftner troubleſome than pleaſing.

Town. Methinks you Women ſhou'd like Drunkenneſs, for it opens Mens Purſes, and ſhuts their Eyes.

Mar. But not their Mouths, Beaſt: Women hate Drunkards, for they neither keep their Words nor a Secret.

Town. And you Women all keep your Words, becauſe no Body will take 'em. Then for your Secrets you never truſt us with any, but the Subject of a Quarrel betwixt you and your She Friend, how inhumanly ſhe made you wait at Home to go with her to the Opera; be

be deny'd to ſeventy or eighty Boſom Friends; and neglect paying a hundred Viſits that the laſt Winter was too ſhort to pay: but indeed you're not ſorry, ſince you've heard her Character, of any Pretence to break off an Acquaintance that had neither Credit or Entertainment.

Mar. Hold, you Brute, wou'd you have me believe, if we repos'd greater Confidence, you wou'd not deceive us? I would as ſoon truſt *Iſabella* at Play.

Town. It's better doing that than never play.

Mar. To thoſe that have the Rage of Gaming.

Town. Do you never divert yourſelf with thoſe dear Fingers? Let me buſs 'em. I warrant they are always full of Court-Cards that crowd about 'em as about Favourites, to guide 'em to the Port of Preferment.

Mar. Nonſenſe! What does the Fool mean by Fingers, Favourites, Port and Preferment?

Town. If you do not know what I mean I'll explain myſelf.

Mar. No, truſt that to any Underſtanding rather than your own; 'twill be to your Advantage

Town. Nay then —— [*Offers to kiſs her.*

Mar. If you're thus rude, I vow I'll keep my Reſolution, and ——

Town. Till it ſpoils in this warm Weather; but it ſhan't be my Fault. [*Offers to kiſs her again.*

Mar. Stand off, Impertinence; d'ye think this Impudence will prevail?

Town. If that don't, I have neither Wealth, nor Beauty; and for Modeſty that never did; ſo I have no Hopes.

Mar. Your Caſe is not ſo deſperate as you imagine perhaps —— If you, in return to any Favour you wou'd obtain, will *grant another.*

Town. Name it.

Mar. Let the Propoſal be what it will, you promiſe?

Town. Provided it be not Murder, Treaſon, nor Marriage, I do promiſe.

Mar. None of them; and upon this Condition, an Hour hence I'll meet you at *Spring-Garden.* Remember you perform.

Town. Keep your Appointment, and you ſhall find I will perform, and Wonders too. [*Exeunt.*

Scene

Scene changes to the New Exchange.

Bellamar *ſpeaking to* Worthy's *Footman.*

Bell. Where's your Maſter?

Footm. I don't know, Sir. My Lady is at Mrs. *Commode*'s Shop. She ſent the Coach and me away with Mrs. *Marlove*, with Orders to return in an Hour, and wait for her here.

Bellamar *walks up towards Mrs.* Trifle's *Shop.*

Bell. Your Servant, Mrs. *Trifle*; how goes new Faſhions and old Promiſes?

Mrs. *Trifle.* Why truly, Sir, neither to my Advantage.

Bell. Have you had no Ladies this Afternoon?

Mrs. *Trifle.* None, except Madam *Moderna.*

Bell. Is it long ſince ſhe went?

Mrs. *Trifle.* O, Sir, at leaſt an Hour: Mr. *Alamode* and ſhe juſt ſtaid to laugh at my Lady, and went away.

Bell. What, together! It's pretty odd, ſend her Coach and her Servants away. [*Aſide.*] Your Servant, Mrs. *Trifle*; I wiſh, for your ſake, little Heads may go out of Faſhion. Pray make haſt with what I ſent about.

[*Goes to the other end of the* Change, *and meets* Alamode *handing* Moderna *out of a Hackney-Coach.*

Ha! is not that *Alamode* and *Moderna* coming out of a Hackney-Coach?

Mod. Don't this look ſtrange, *Bellamar*?

Bell. By no means, Madam, 'tis the commoneſt thing in Life.

Mod. *Marlove* and I had certainly been kill'd; for the Coach broke at *Temple-Bar*; and if Mr. *Alamode* had not come by, I know not what we ſhould have done without him. Pray, Heaven, *Marlove* has kept the Coach. [*Aſide.*

Ala. I live but to ſerve the Fair, Madam.

Bell. And your Friend, Sir.

Ala. After them *Bellamar.*

Bell. Both at once ſometimes.

Mod. I'm frighten'd to Death; he ſeems ſuſpicious. (*Aſide.*) Sir, you are expected at our Houſe to Night. I'm the unluckieſt Creature. (*Aſide.*) [*Exit.*

Alla. I'll not fail. [*Exit* Mod.

Bell. I hope, Sir, you'll come and see the last of your humble Servant.

Alla. How soon, pray?

Bell. You can never come too soon. In an Hour at farthest.

Alla. I'll not fail waiting on you. [*Exeunt Ambo. They remain till he is gone out some time.*

Scene changes to Worthy's *House.*

Enter Bellamar.

Bell. 'Tis plain *Worthy* is abus'd. I ask'd the Fop, in jest, to see the last of me—— I wish it prove not so in earnest——— The last of all that Calm I now enjoy.—— By Heavens, the Woman startled me, to see her injure thus the best of Men, with the most abject Wretch of the Creation: I'm dreadfully uneasy, till I inform *Worthy* of his Wrongs,——— for to know, and yet conceal 'em, is a Degree of Guilt.—— Though, Heaven can tell, 'tis the dangerousest Task of Friendship—— The faithful Counsellor, that boldly serves his Prince against his Will, runs not a greater Risque, than him that tells his Friend, his Wife, or Mistress, has betray'd him——— here comes *Florinda*——— she, surely, is not false, and yet she's fair—— But Women differ as the Men; there are some few *Worthys*, amidst a Croud of vile Impostors.

Enter Florinda.

Flor. Who are Impostors?

Bell. Not they who are so wondrous fair as you, I hope.

Flo. Why should you suspect they are?

Bell. Because the fallen Angels were once the fairest of the heavenly Beings.

Flo. But 'twas Ambition, not their Beauty cast 'em.

Bell. Too much Humility is oft as fatal to the fair on Earth, as Pride to them in Heaven.

Flo. But that's a Fault the handſome ſeldom are accus'd of: Beauty is generally diſtinguiſh'd, by the proud, the haughty, and the cruel.

Bell. Yes, to them that love 'em——but, 'tis obſerv'd, thoſe Maſters, who are moſt inhuman to their Slaves, are humbleſt to their Tyrants.

Flo. Pray, what Tyrants have we to ſtoop to?

Bell. To Fools, Time, Affectation, Detraction, Malice, Idleneſs, Curioſity, Revenge—— Extravagancy and Covetouſneſs deſpotically govern by turns.

Flo. The Lord preſerve us——— though, if theſe are our Tyrants, I muſt in Gratitude confeſs, their Reign is the mildeſt of all Princes——— I'm not conſcious of their Power being ever exercis'd on me.

Bell. No, thou art the *Hortentia* of the Age, an Age that ſwarms with *Meſſalinas.*

Flo. What Satire, in the Name of Wonder, have you been reading againſt Women?

Bell. The moſt ſevere and pointed— their own Actions!

Flo. Tell me, for Heaven's Sake.

Bell. No; 'tis a Thing as black as Night, and but to mention it, were to o'er-caſt the brighteſt Day.——You are concern'd.

Flo. I'm on the Rack, till you diſcloſe what thus diſquiets you.

Bell. I dare not truſt you; yet I wiſh you knew it

Flo. You ſay I'm concern'd——I've then a Right to know it.

Bell. Take care how you improve in Knowledge—— It was that Thirſt loſt Paradice ——— be happy yet, and live in Ignorance.

Flo. I would not wander after vain Enquiries—— but when a Thing concerns me, my Duty bids me be inform'd. Tell me, I conjure you; or I ſhall think whate'er you ſaid of Love, was Gallantry; and this a low, mean Artifice, to inſult my Eaſineſs, by wounding me through all the Sex. 'Tis ſomething you've heard to my Diſhonour, and half believe it; but dare not ſpeak it out. I'll hear it, or never ſee you more.

. . . . . .

Bell.

Bell. What might before be look'd on as Imprudence, by this hard Injunction, now becomes Obedience——— Know then, your Brother is baſely wrong'd.

Flo. By whom?

Bell. Spare me the Words, and think the reſt.

Flo. No; I will hear it all. Who is't has wrong'd him.

Bell. *Moderna.*

Flo. 'Tis falſe,

Bell. 'Tis true; and *Alamode* is her Accomplice; the Bane that's thrown into *Worthy's* Cup, and poiſons all his Draught of Happineſs.

Flo. This is the Fumes of Spleen; the mere Creature of Jealouſy, and buſy Cenſure——— My Siſter's as innocent, as your Suſpicion is foul. This will be my Curſe ſoon——whene'er the Vapours, or a cloudy Day fill your Brains with viſionary Dangers——I'll hear no more.

Bell. By all that's ſacred but you ſhall, ſince you rack'd the Secret from me: Unleſs you'll have me think you are her Confident, and not to learn of me——— Confeſs, and I have done.

Flo. You have! but let me tell you, 'tis what never ſhall be undone, by Time, nor you. Farewel.

[*Offers to go.*

Bell. Yet ſtay, and hear the Grounds on which my Fears are founded.

Flo. No; I've heard too much; and but for the Quiet of my Brother, I would proclaim the opprobious Accuſation till thou becam'ſt as infamous as thou wou'd'ſt make my Siſter. [*Offers to go,* Bellamar *holds her.*

Flo. Let me go; your Hands will poiſon me.

Bell. Indeed you wrong 'em; they are too obedient to my Heart to hurt you. They ev'ry Day aſſiſt to cheriſh Life, which they wou'd never do, if they were capable of hurting you, nor wou'd I truſt 'em more. I beg you hear.

Flo. What? my ſelf call'd Bawd, by the more modiſh Name of Confident?——Injurious Man!

[*Exit, angrily.*

Bell. This is right; right Tyrant, Woman; firſt torture from me the Confeſſion of a Thing; that known, my Life muſt pay for——If ſhe is thus warm'd, how wou'd *Worthy* have been fir'd? he muſt not know it; at leaſt not for a Time——— My Mind is grievouſly diſturb'd, toſs'd to and fro, betwixt the honeſt and the prudent Part———

Be it for a while determin'd thus——— I will not awake him in his peaceful Night; but leave it to her Conduct——— that ſeems to me, too looſe to let his golden Dream continue.

[*Exit.*

Florinda *returns, and meets* Lurcher.

Lurch, She's here alone! I'll try my Fortune.

[*Aſide.*

Flo. Did you meet *Bellamar,* as you came this Way, Sir.

Lurch. Yes, Madam.

Flo. I have heard you profeſs, Sir, you had no Buſineſs, nor Pleaſure, but going on other Peoples Errands: If I durſt trouble you——— I beg you wou'd overtake *Bellamar,* and let him know, I've ſomething to impart to him, of Moment to us both.

Lurch. That's to be married, I ſuppoſe, I'll bite her. [*Aſide.*] Madam, I'll run ev'ry Step of the Way.

[*Exit* Lurcher.

Flo. I was to blame, in forcing him to tell a Secret he aſſur'd me wou'd diſpleaſe; and afterwards condemning him unheard, for giving up his Judgment to my Will. I'll own my Error, and hear the Story out.

Enter Lurcher.

Cou'd you overtake him, Sir?

Lurch. Yes, Madam. That's a Lie, for I did not go after him. [*Aſide.*]

Flo. And he's a-coming?

Lurch. No, Madam?

Flo. What did he ſay?

Lurch. Egad, I don't know what he ſaid; only this I am ſure, he ſaid he cou'd not, or he wou'd not come——— I won't be poſitive, for fear of telling a Lie.

Flo. You'll make an ill Courtier, and as bad a Fortune, if you adhere always thus ſcrupulouſly to Truth; though 'tis ſtrange, methinks, he ſhould refuſe to come.

Lurch.

Lurch. Nay, I know he'll deny it, becauſe he hates me——— but I'm ſure 'tis as true as other Things I have heard him ſay of your Ladyſhip.

Flo. I hope 'twas nothing bad he ſaid; ſince you ſay they were equally true.

Lurch. Did I ſay ſo, Madam? No, they are not equally true, for he ſaid no Harm at all; only us'd to ſay if he was not your Brother's Friend, you was a very handſome Lady——— And wou'd, I am aſham'd to ſay it, make a charming Bedfellow —— He ask'd me once, why I wou'd not marry you, that he might cuckold me.

Flo. Now I begin to ſee through his Deſign; this Fellow's Folly has let in Day upon me; and all my Siſter's Crimes were only a Pretext, to break off the Match he never was ſincere in——— I'm ſorry now I ſent for him again—[*Aſide.*] I wiſh you had told me this before you went, I had ſpar'd you then the Pains of going.

Lurch. 'Twas not the Want of good Will, nor Love to your Ladyſhip; for I'm ſure, if that wou'd do, as they ſay in our Country, I love you enough to do that, and more, without Offence.

Flo. Sad! his Simplicity is as inſufferable as t'other's Inſolence. [*Aſide.*] Sir, I'm ſo much indebted to you for this Diſcovery, that I muſt take an infinite deal of Time to thank you.

[*Exit* Florinda.

Lurch. So, I think I have done his Buſineſs: She'll take a Time to thank me; I'll tell *Marlove* this, and follow her cloſe.

[*Exit* Lurcher.

Scene Spring-garden.

Enter Townly *and* Marlove, *from an Arbour.*

Mar. Well! what is it I have done?

Town. Not half ſo much as your good Nature cou'd have let you done, if I had not been a reaſonable Man.

Mar. Be it as it will——remember you're engag'd——*Bellamar* and *Florinda* muſt not marry: And to prevent it, I'll have him arreſted for a Bond of Ten thouſand Pounds,

for a Debt contracted by me his Wife —— You are only to be at *Worthy's*, when he receives the Letter from the unfortunate Woman——— and to mention that you've heard about Town, *Bellamar* and I were marry'd; a Thing long ago reported, but you never before believ'd——— and ſo keep up the Cheat, by miniſterial Nods, and doubtful, and unmeaning Words ——— Do this, and the Woman you love is your's for ever.

Townly. But, dare I truſt you?

Mar. Yes; for I'm no *Lurcher.* [Lurcher *turns ſhort upon her.*] Bleſs me! Is not that *Lurcher*? I hope he did not hear me.

Lurch. [*Aſide*] You miſtake; both hear and ſee you too. [*Exit.*

Town. Is this all my Task? I'll do it—— 'Tis a mere Trifle, to what a Man muſt do to oblige the Fair—— Pray, by the by, Have you no Body you wiſh poiſon'd?

Mar. You are merry, Sir——— Let me tell you, out of Seaſon.

Town. Indeed I'm ſerious, Madam—— And to convince you, and deſtroy my Rivals, there's nothing I wou'd not undertake——— You may rely upon me.

Mar. I do——— at leaſt 'tis now too late to ſay I don't. [*Aſide.*]

Town. She ſeems alarm'd; I muſt talk as if I was in earneſt. [*Aſide.*]. Pray, what can you propoſe by this? it muſt be diſcover'd, and you loaded with Reproach and Diſappointment.

Mar. No Matter, 'tis gaining Time; and Things are now at that *Criſis*, that ev'ry Moment's precious. Beſides, every Body knows of a long and intimate Correſpondence between us; but none know certainly upon what Terms it has been kept; ſo that will produce Doubt in the impartial; and Caution, and Delay in the Brother. In the mean while, I've a Project to engage *Moderna's* Intereſt, for *Lurcher's* marrying *Florinda*; then what will happen, I'm at leaſt reveng'd. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

WORTHY's *House.*

Florinda *and he appears.*

[*He with a Letter in his Hand.*

Worthy. SISTER, how long have you been under my Care?

Flo. All the happy Hours of my Life.

Worthy. By that you ſeem to think I love you.

Flo. I ſhou'd not, elſe, have call'd them happy Hours.

Worthy. Then you dare truſt whoever loves you.

Flo. Yes, when, like yours, their Actions have aſſur'd me of their Love.

Worthy. Why, then, what I wou'd recommend to you is, for a little Time to entertain *Bellamar* coldly——— Think not by this I am capricious———My Care for you that never ſleeps, is, by its Tenderneſs, alarm'd, 'till that's at Peace, the Match muſt be deferr'd.

Flo. I fear my haſty Temper has undone us all——— *Bellamar*, certainly enrag'd at my Behaviour, has told the Secret to my Brother. [*aſide.*] I cou'd, but that I fear to offend, deſire to know why what you once ſo fondly recommended, is now become improper?

Worthy. No———perhaps it may appear a Dream, that when we awake will vaniſh, and then 'twere better you had never heard it.

Flo. But to make the awaking Pleaſure truly great, we ſhou'd have dream't———Pray let me ſuffer with you.

Worthy. Nay, if you're willing to purchaſe Pleaſure at the Price of Pain——Read that. [*Gives a Letter.*

Flo. Reads——

I Have endur'd, as long as my Wrongs and Griefs wou'd let me, the Cruelty of the perfidious Man Bellamar——*to ſee how far his barbarous Nature wou'd extend*——*in Hopes Patience, Love, Tenderneſs, and Senſe of Honour wou'd reclaim his Savage Heart*——*But finding he is going to add to his Injuries to me, by impoſing upon the beſt of Men, and Innocenteſt of Women; I muſt tell you, he is my Husband*——*Which at his Requeſt I have hitherto conceal'd, and ſuffer'd in my Fame, and ſhou'd have done 'till Death*——*But to ſave your Siſter from Ruin, his Perſon is as loſt as if ſhe had married him*——*to the unfortunate*

MARLOVE.

Flo. Unhappy, injur'd Woman!——From my Soul I pity thee, as I deſpiſe and hate the Author of thy Sorrow! Did ever Villain come up to this?——He liv'd the very Cenſor of the Age!——No Fool or Knave eſcap'd his Satyr!——but——

Worthy. Spare your Reproaches 'till we have more——for, tho it ſhou'd prove true, 'twou'd be a Fault in me to believe too ſoon——that were a ſign I doubted him before——Or elſe, unheard, I never cou'd condemn the Man, whoſe Friendſhip and whoſe Faith, I and the World have ſo often prov'd.

Flo. What greater Proofs wou'd you, or the moſt generous Judge deſire, than what is under this poor, wretched Woman's Hand?——No wonder ſhe was griev'd I was to marry him!

Worthy. If People had ne'er put their Hands to Falſhood, you're in the right, mean time behave to him as I deſir'd you——I owe this Caution to my ſelf and you——The Debt to Friendſhip I'll diſcharge, by not believing, while I've room to doubt.

Enter

Enter Servant with a Letter.

Worthy. To me!——'Tis *Bellamar*'s Hand!—

[*Opens and Reads.*

AN Accident has happen'd to me, as I was coming to be the happiest Man in the World, that will make me the most miserable for this Night, by forcing me to beg you'll put off the Wedding 'till to Morrow——Not being sure I can wait on you so soon as my Impatiency cou'd wish.

BELLAMAR.

[Worthy *pauses.*

Flo. What d'ye think?

Worthy. Just as I did before——Still well of him I never knew no ill of—— Tho', to a suspicious Mind, this Circumstance agreeing with the other, wou'd give a Jealousie——Here comes your Sister!——I'll leave you, and enquire the Truth, that I may not wrong my Friend or Self.

[Exit, *out of Humour, passes by* Moderna, *and bows and smiles constrain'dly, without speaking.*

Enter Moderna.

Mod. Methought he look'd as injur'd Goodness, when 'tis forc'd to punish——A just Revenge sat angry on his Brow, whilst pitying Mildness griev'd for our Offences.

Flo. Sister, your Servant, you look melancholy.

Mod.

Mod. Then I look juſt as I am———What ſeldom happens to Women, if you'll credit Men: Don't you think I have Cauſe to grieve, when as I enter'd, your Brother paſs'd with ſuch a cold Indifference by, as if he had nothing left for me, but what was common to the World; Good-Breeding——— bowed, and forc'd a Smile; then flew away, as ſwift as once he wou'd have done to meet me?

Flo. His Mind is much diſtemper'd, and I muſt own, I think with Reaſon———To find one's ſelf betray'd by thoſe we truſted as our Guard, where we've repos'd ſuch Faith and Confidence—is worſe than to've been murder'd by a common Robber.

Mod. I'm ruin'd!——*Bellamar* has been here, and all's diſcover'd!——How long has this Diſorder ſeiz'd him?

Flo. About an Hour ago——His honeſt Soul, unwilling to believe, when you met him, was going to be more certainly inform'd——I tremble for th' Event.

Mod. And ſo do I———'tis ſo, I'm undone. [*Faints.*

Flo. Heavens! Help!——Who's there?

[Moderna *recovers.*] *Mod.* No matter—I'm well again—He did not then, you ſay, too willingly believe, good Man?

Flo. No; tho' he had Proofs to have convinc'd a Sceptick——Pray read theſe Letters; one from *Marlove*, t'other from *Bellamar*. [*Gives the Letters.*

Mod. My Fears are huſh'd, and all is calm again. [*aſide.*] ——[*Reads*]—— Prodigious!——Monſtrous?—Unheard of Villany!———Unhappy Woman!———But did you ever know a Man who rail'd ſo much at Vice, that did not prove an errant Knave?———Theſe loud Proteſtors Virtue, is like the *Spaniſh* Frier's Piety, when he gave the Letter, he counted his Beads with one Hand, whilſt t'other play'd the Bawd.

Enter Bellamar.

Bell. I'm free, thank Heav'n, ſooner than I cou'd hope.

Flo. Or than any Body wou'd deſire, if you mean in Speech.

Bell.

Bell. Mine was always employ'd in Truth, a Thing you owe too much to, Madam, ever to diſcourage.

Flo. I wiſh I cou'd return you the Compliment, Sir—and ſay you had the ſame Obligation to Truth.

Bell. I was in Hopes, Madam, by this Time, you was come to your ſelf.

Flo. So I am, Sir, and ſhou'd be very glad you'd leave me ſo.

Bell. 'Tis impoſſible to leave you alone: Officious *Cupids* ſtill attend you? But to be ſerious, for God's ſake lay aſide——

Flo. Hold, Sir, and let me tell you, you differ extreamly with me, if you think I'm in Jeſt.

Bell. I'm ſure there's one thing I agree with you in.

Flo. Tell me, that I may change.

Bell. Why, liking you better than any Body elſe.

Flo. You have furniſh'd me with a Reaſon for correcting that Error, if it was really my Fault, for I think I never had ſo juſt a Cauſe to hate my ſelf before.

Bell. Yes, you have liking Fools, that make you hateful to ev'ry Body elſe, and deſpicable even to themſelves—— when they have enjoy'd the Indulgencies and Smiles your Eaſineſs is daily laviſhing upon 'em.

Flo. Their Folly is leſs offenſive than your Wit, that like a Magnifying-Glaſs, is ever ſhowing frightful Pimples in the ſmootheſt Skin.

Mod. Beſides, if they han't Wit enough to entertain us, in recompence, they're always pleas'd with our Senſe, and for the Harm they can do us, it can never be great, ſince they have not Invention enough to tell a probable Lye, nor Reputation enough to be believ'd in a Truth.

Bell. I differ with you for the very Reaſon you give, for their known want of Invention will give the Credit of Truth to all they ſay.

Flo. Don't you think he's very wiſe, Siſter?

Mod. Yes, but Men may be ignorant from too much Knowledge, as well as blind from too much Light.

Flo. I really think him exceeding Wiſe, hi, ho!

Bell. I believe you do, by your treating me with this Contempt.

Mod. Had you not better be a Fool then?

Bell.

Bell. 'Tis becauſe I'm made one, and know it nearer, that I deteſt the Character——It ne'er offended me by half ſo much before.

Flo. 'Tis certainly ſome Body inclines to love you.

Bell. More likely ſome Body I love, by her uſing me ſo ill.

Flo. What!—— By making you the Thing moſt agreeable to her, as I've heard you ſay.

Bell. There's ſomething in this Behaviour I don't comprehend. [*Aſide.*] Madam, the fine Lady I ſee at preſent predominates over the reaſonable one; I ſhall leave you till you can recollect your loſt ſelf enough to be intelligible. [*Exit.*

Flo. If I am not, my Brother is, inform your ſelf of him.

Enter Alamode.

Ala. Ladies, the humbleſt of your Slaves; I fear I made you ſtay, Madam. [*To* Florinda.

Flo. No, Sir——One can never take too much Time to think of ſo ſerious a Thing as Marriage.

Mod. I'm apt to think, the leſs we conſider, the more pardonable ſome Things are——Deliberation's an Aggravation of the Crime.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Madam——Mr. *Townly* is below in a Coach, and deſires to know where he can find my Maſter or Mr. *Bellamar.*

Mod. I really don't know——My Service, and tell him Home is the laſt place he ſhou'd look for a faſhionable Husband.

Ala. Or a faſhionable Wife either, ha, Madam.

Mod. I believe ſo too in good Humour——Shall we go in *Florinda* to Ombre.

Flo. Ay, any thing to baniſh Thought, and kill Time——Come, Sir——from this Minute your Money's ours.

Ala. And all I have beſide, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

The

The Scene continues.

[Lurcher *appears, knocking at the Door that opens.*

Lur. Is your Maſter within?

Ser. I expect him in ev'ry Minute——if you'll walk in. [*Exit Servant.*

Lur. I met *Townly*, with *Marlove*, at *Spring-Garden*——She certainly deſigns to get the Siſter for him, and cheat me; for when I told her what paſs'd between me and *Florinda*, ſhe put me off, and ſaid, ſhe'd think of it; beſides, I over-heard her name me, and then ſomething of a Woman he lov'd, that ſhou'd be his for ever; I'll be reveng'd of her, by diſcovering all I know to *Worthy*——Here he is.

Enter Worthy.

Worthy. What's that you were ſaying, *Lurcher*?

Lur. Why, if you won't be angry, I'll tell you; 'tis to have a care of *Marlove*, for ſhe made me promiſe to join with her, to hinder *Bellamar*'s marrying your Siſter——— becauſe, by what I can underſtand, ſhe's in Love with him her ſelf——She ſaid you lov'd me, and wou'd believe any thing I told you. Moreover, for my Reward, promis'd to get me your Siſter——I made her believe I wou'd do all ſhe ask'd of me, but reſolv'd to tell you as ſoon as I cou'd find you.

Worthy. Are you ſure of this?

Lur. I'll take my Oath on't———Did you ever catch me in a Lye?

Worthy. I can't ſay I did.

Enter

Enter Townly.

Town. I have look'd all over the Town for you and *Bellamar*, to arm you againſt *Marlove*; wou'd you imagine, not above an Hour ago, ſhe made me ſwear to be preſent when ſhe ſent you a Letter, pretending a Marriage with *Bellamar*———'Twas to take Occaſion at that Time to tell you, I had long ago very good Reaſons to believe it, but was averſe to meddle in other Peoples Buſineſs: The other part of our Project was, arreſting him on a Bond of 10000 *l.* contracted by her his Wife; by this Means to break off the Match, till ſhe cou'd bring about the Deſign ſhe had of getting *Florinda* for *Lurcher*, that in caſe ſhe ſhou'd be diſcover'd, your Siſter and *Bellamar* cou'd never come together. I hope I have come time enough to prevent the ill Effects of her Malice.

Worthy. I fear you have not———Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Has *Bellamar* been here ſince I went out?

Ser. Yes, Sir.

Worthy. Go immediately to his Lodging, and let him know I want this Minute to ſpeak with him. My Wife's in the next Room, let's go in, and be inform'd how he was receiv'd.

[*Exit all but* Lurcher.

Lurcher. I find I have been miſtaken——— I'll go and confeſs all to *Marlove*——— and try if it can yet be remedied. [*Exit.*

Scene

Scene opens, discovers Moderna, Florinda, *and* Alamode *at Cards.*

[Moderna *throws the Cards away in a Rage.*

Mod. Sir, you've loſt *Codille*——had you given me that Trick, 'twou'd have been remiſe againſt the Cards.

Ala. You're in the right, Madam—— the Game's gone without remiſe, and I'm a Beaſt for my pains.

Enter Worthy.

Worthy. Siſter, We've ſadly wrong'd *Bellamar*, *Townly* waits in the next Room, to tell you the particulars.

[*Exit* Flo.

Mod. Mr. *Alamode* has won all our Money.

Worthy. That were enough to make me ſuſpect his Honeſty, ſince Fortune ſeldom ſmiles on Men of his Parts.

Ala. Sometimes ſhe flatters us, to draw us in; *April* Sun-ſhine.

Mod. Draw you in, how can you talk ſo—— You put me out of Patience; I never ſaw you loſe.

Worthy. You're in a Paſſion, my Dear——— you'd have more Reaſon to be ſo, if you knew *Bellamar's* Caſe.

Mod. I do——— but no worſe than I always believ'd wou'd be his Caſe—— This is your faithful Friend, Sir.

Worthy. And is ſo ſtill—— my too much injur'd, faithful Friend—— whoſe Face I ſhould be aſham'd to ſee, but that I know his Goodneſs equal to his Wrongs.

Enter

Enter Bellamar.

Worthy. O *Bellamar!* Can you forgive?

Bell. Not if *Worthy* makes a doubt of it— I have found the bottom of this Project.

Worthy. We know it too, by the means of *Lurcher* and *Townly*—— I hope now you will allow a Man may be a Fool, and yet not want common good Nature and Honesty. Prithee what made the Difference between you and *Lurcher* at first?

Bell. Why! our invincible Natures; I hated him as a Fool; and he me, because I was not wise enough to conceal it.

Worthy. 'Tis as dangerous jesting with silly, as sacred Things. For the future, let your good Nature prevail over your Judgment, and be more indulgent; you're indebted to him now, I assure you—— So is a certain Lady to you; I'll call her to make up the Account herself. [*Exit* Worthy.

Ala. Why here has been some damnable Mistake. I thought when I met you just now, you was married, for you had the surly Looks of a Husband.

Bell. Because just as I met you, I met one of the most dangerous Rivals a Husband has.

Ala. Who was that?

Bell. A Coxcomb you don't know, Sir———but an Intimate Acquaintance of yours, Madam——— had not I reason to fear?

Mod. Malicious Devil [*Aside.*] you'd best ask *Florinda*; here she is.

Enter Florinda *and* Worthy.

Flo. I hope, Sir, the Caution I used, whilst I had reason to suspect you, will heighten rather than lessen me in your Esteem; since it show'd I set some Value upon my self.

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Bell. I'm afraid to excuſe it, ſince you'll think I can forgive you any thing when I pardon this, you having robb'd me of your ſelf thus long.

Mod. Tell me after this, *Bellamar* can't ſay obliging things.

Worthy. The want of Unity in his Character, would ſet all the Criticks and Wits of a certain Coffee-Houſe to work, if it was expos'd upon the Stage.

Bell. Hang 'em, they are like young Heirs that ſucceed to great Mortgag'd Eſtates. They live upon the Credit of what it was; — and as the one impoſes Beggars upon the World for Rich Men; So the other does Fools for Wits.

Worthy. Yet they read much, and know all the Rules of Writing.

Bell. Stupid pretence to Judging, Method in Writing is like Ceremony in Living, too often us'd to ſupply the Want of better things, Wit and Sincerity ——— And I wou'd no more excuſe a dull Rogue that ſhou'd entertain me Ill by the Rule of *Ariſtotle* and *Horace*, than a Phyſician who ſhou'd Increaſe my Diſeaſe by the rule of *Hippocrates* and *Galen*.

Ala. Then you're no Friend to thoſe who Quote *Greek* and *Latin*.

Bell. Dull Rogue *(aſide)* --- No, 'tis an Impertinent Excuſe for not being Intelligible in their Mother-Tongue.

Worthy. But you wou'd not exclude all Rule in Writing.

Bell. No, But I wou'dn't have 'em take the Wit out of a Play to make it regular, no more than the Seaſoning out of my Meat to make it wholſom: Truſt me *Worthy*, Method is the Crutch of Wit, a mere Going Cart for Ricketty Lame Genius's, It's like Cooks who make Sawce by Receipt and not by Taſte.

Ala. But you was talking juſt now of Rules, I wiſh there cou'd be one found out for Expreſſing ones Thoughts as Delicately as we conceive 'em, mine ſuffer'd extreamly by my Words.

Bell. Is that poſſible Sir? --- Words in my Opinion are the Slave of Senſe, that fly whereever he commands 'em --- and I always conclude when they bring a ſilly Meſſage, they're come of a Fools Errand.

Mod. I prais'd *Bellamar*'s Politeneſs too ſoon --- he repents as if he fear'd we ſhou'd ſuſpect him of Degenerating into Flattery.

Worthy. That ſhows he's above Courting what is not juſt, becauſe 'tis powerful.

Enter Servant Whiſpers Worthy.

Flo. Is Flatt'ry then ſo powerful? [*Exit* Worthy.

Mod. Yes, and I think with ſome Reaſon too, there's the Appearances of good Nature, it's ever giving People what they want.

Bell. Yes, as Strong Waters give Spirits, it raiſes you for an Hour, to ſink you for the reſt of your Life, if you Indulge the Taſte.

Mod. I can eaſily ſee through your Satyr, in your Diſpraiſing of Flatt'ry —— 'tis meant chiefly in reproach to us Women, who are thought moſt Subject to it, but the Liberties you take with us is like *Jodilit* affecting in publick, by Offenſive freedoms the intire Aſcendant over his Maſter, but that won't do, for People —— Diſtinguiſh between the Fop and the Favourite.

Bell. That is not eaſy in my Opinion Madam, for they're generally the ſame.

Flo. I wonder to ſee great Men prefer Worthleſs ones, which daily happens.

Bell. 'Tis becauſe they have only the Names of Great Men, they're Adorn'd with Titles, as *Ægyptian* Temples are with glitt'ring Gold, but the God within's a Monkey, and Conſcious of their own wants, they in the World, like the Sultan in his Seraglio, preferr Eunuchs to ſecure themſelves from Rivals.

Ala. And ſo had rather the Buſineſs was undone than have

have any body elſe do it —— There's a double meaning in that, *Bellamar*.

Bell. I hate your double meanings Sir, they're always us'd by thoſe who have leaſt pretence to a ſingle One, and are with me as much the Sign of a falſe Underſtanding as a falſe Heart.

Flo. Prithee now what is't thou doſt Love *Bellamar*, I'll be bound to Live in the Country all my Life time, if by his Conſent he'll permit Poor Women to ſee a Play.

Bell. You wrong me Madam, I've no Objection to their ſeeing a Play, but going to be ſeen at a Play is levelling themſelves with Players, a thing wou'd grieve me in the Woman I valued.

Flo. But if we are not ſeen, how ſhou'd we get Husbands? Small is the Worth of Beauty —— from the Light retir'd.

Bell. But like Valuable Pictures, Beauty ſhou'd be ſeen in a good Light. —— If you were to Buy a Gown and Petticoat, you wou'd not chuſe it from the Piece that hangs out for the Sign, nor wou'd you care for that which has been often Expos'd to Sale, for the difference between being handled and Worn is very little; as to the Luſtre of the Silk.

Re-enter Worthy.

Worthy. Now Summ up all your Courage, for the Man in Black is without, and all Things ready; we only wait for *Townly* and *Lurcher*; 'tis but juſt they ſhou'd be preſent to whom we owe this Happineſs. —— We'll in, and ſend a Servant to let them know the Ceremony waits for them.

Flor. A Word before you go. Did *Lurcher* immediately after our firſt Diſpute, overtake you with a Meſſage from me? Or had you ever any Converſation with him concerning me?

Bellamar. Never upon my Honour, as I hope never to Converſe with him whilſt I live. How comes you to ask? I'll make him own it to your Face, tho' it is

Truth, the thing I ſtill much fear he hates, I beg you tell me whence this Queſtion.

Flor. A Womans Curioſity—— I am ſatisfied, think no more on't, nor mention it, as you Love me.

Bellamar. Then the Secret will Dye with me, for I ſhall ever Love, and as an Earneſt I will Obey you, tho' I am ſtrangely tempted to Inquire farther.

Exeunt Omnes.

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End of the Fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

Scene. *Worthy*'s Lodging.

Enter Marlove *and* Maid.

Marlove. Mrs. *Betty.* We are Old Acquaintance, I dare truſt you, can I ſpeak with your Miſtreſs?

Maid. Madam ſtay here, and I'll Whiſper her you are here.

Marlove. Don't name me, only ſay one wou'd ſpeak with her.

Maid. I will Madam.

Enter Lurcher.

Lurcher. I've been to ſee for you at your Houſe, juſt as you went out, and followed your Chair hither. You'll pardon me Madam, I hope, for what I did was not out of Love to them; ——— But fearing you deſign'd to give the Siſter to *Townly*, I ——

Marlove. No more, —— 'tis in clearing ones Character as in taking Spots out of ones Cloaths, —— you make it Ten times bigger for the preſent, and ſeldom or never efface the firſt Stains —— Our firſt Deſign has fail'd thro' the Villany of *Townly*, your Miſtake, and my Imprudence.

Lurcher. If you had follow'd my Advice, and made him Jealous, it had done at Once.

Marlove. And ſhall do ſtill, ——— Circumſtances are altered, —— *Moderna* was Innocent at that time, and would not have been wrought on, ——— But Crimes, like Stumbling in Running, beget one another; and as it ſeems to me, your Honeſty in your late Diſcovery, in Favour of the Man you Hated, upon a ſeeming Principle of Juſtice, will help us in our Deſign, by doubling of your Credit with *Worthy*, and give an irreſiſtable Force to all you ſhall hereafter ſay ——— Your firſt Project then muſt be executed —— I have already *Bellamar*'s Servant in our Intereſt, by means of my Maid ——— Your part is, in a Blunt, Honeſt manner, to tell *Worthy* what you've Obſerved relating to *Bellamar*'s Conduct to his Wife: As for her, if I'm not Deceiv'd, ſhe'll readily agree to any thing to break off the Match with *Bellamar*, who has Diſcover'd her Affair, and who ſhe therefore looks upon as an eternal Check to all her Pleaſures.

Lurcher. But I don't know what to do —— I juſt now receiv'd a Meſſage, to let me know the Marriage waited for me, to whoſe Honeſty it was moſtly owing; they'll take it Ill if I ſhou'd not go, for that delays the Marriage.

Marlove. For that very Reaſon you ſhou'd not appear —— Your Stay will delay the Ceremony till our Plot take Effect —— Meet me here half an Hour hence, and I'll inſtruct you farther.

[*Exeunt* Lurcher.

Marlove. Now let me call up all the Woman to my Aid, ———

Enter

Enter Moderna.

Moderna. Wou'd you ſpeak with me Madam?

Marlove. I wou'd, —— but not till you have promis'd me, that be I who I will, you will with Patience hear me out —— and if the Reaſons I urge ſhall ſeem good, not to reject them for their Authors ſake, but let 'em for their own good worth prevail.

Moderna. I promiſe.

Marlove. Mind you keep it then. —

(Pulls off her Mask.

Moderna *Starts.*

You Start, as if you thought my Native colour Blacker than my Mask, but no matter; if what I propoſe contribute to your Happineſs, you're Bound in Intereſt, as in Promiſe to approve the Miracle, tho' *Mahomet* perform'd it. —— I'll then be brief: Ruin threatens you from every Corner ——— The moment *Bellamar*'s Intereſt is encreaſed by Marrying *Florinda*, you are Loſt.— He, accidentally, you told me, diſcover'd your Intrigue with *Alamode*.—— If ſo, each Hour you Live in Peace is owing to his Mercy. ——— Your Honour, Safety, Quiet, Pleaſure; all that's Dear you hold from him. ——— Break off the Match, and you'll at once Diſarm his Malice, and ſet your Life at Liberty.

Moderna. My Guilt, my Fear, your Reaſons, — all Convince me that it ſhould be done, but point not out the means.——— Your firſt Plot has fail'd, and all things now are ready to Confirm me Miſerable;——— The Prieſt's prepared within, — and only waits *Lurchers* coming.

Marlove. If you'll be rul'd, his coming ſhall render all theſe Preparations uſeleſs.

Moderna. I wou'd do any thing to live in Quiet.

Marlove. Wou'd you conſent to Marry him to *Florinda?* he's an eaſy Tool, and to be manag'd.

Moderna. I underſtand you, and tell you once again, I dread this Match ſo much I wou'd agree to any thing.

Marlove. Wou'd you agree to make *Worthy* Jealous of his Friend?

Moderna. Hah! that wou'd be Baſe indeed ——— extreamly baſe, [*Pauſes*] but Self-Security muſt juſtify the Neceſſary Evils we commit: ——— I am yours.

Marlove. Why then, my Life for't we ſucceed, — all you have to do is, if your Husband mentions it to you, keep up his Doubts and Jealouſies by Words: —— You are too much a Woman not to know, and leave the reſt to me: My Inſtruments are all prepar'd, and waited only for your Voice to give 'em motion: Hurry you on the Match between *Lurcher* and your Siſter, and then 'twill be impoſſible for him to Hurt you; for if after that he ſhou'd attempt it, 'twou'd be refus'd as Malice and Revenge.

Moderna. And luckily for our Purpoſe I have a Letter from him, which at my own requeſt ſome time ago he ſent me,——— and though Harmleſs in it ſelf, yet as I'le uſe it, it ſhall make him wiſh he never had Learn'd to Write. *Exit.*

Enter Lurcher.

Marlove. Wait you here for *Worthy*, and by the ſame Honeſt Face and Words you Betray'd me, accuſe *Bellamar* of a Deſign upon *Moderna*, ſhe is prepar'd to back you, and the Siſter is your Reward. Tell *Worthy* of a Letter which *Bellamar* ſent his Wife,——— ſay the Servant told you of it, and that he talked of her in his Sleep, but diſcover it all by degrees, let him oblige you to tell, before you do. *Exit.*

Worthy's

Worthy's *Houſe*.

Lurcher alone.

Now to remember what ſhe bid me ſay, aye, but I muſt not tell it all at once; no, I will ſeem unwilling, and afraid, until I make him force me to tell it, let me con it over, a Letter, the Servant, and talk'd of her in his Sleep; then the Siſters mine.

Enter Worthy.

Lurcher and *Worthy* meet.

Worthy. *Lurcher*, I was this Moment ſending for you, *Bellamar* and my Siſter, are impatient to be reveng'd of one another --- why, Man, if they were not as Obſtinate as Children, you have given them time enough to repent and be ſaved by thy Stay.

Lurcher. 'Tis time ſome of 'em Repent, --- but that's their buſineſs, and not mine, otherwiſe than as I am a Chriſtian, and love you.

Worthy. I don't comprehend you ---- who is't muſt Repent, prithee help me a little to aim aright ---- I cannot gueſs the meaning.

Lurcher. I believe not, and that Grieves me the more. ---- See ſo good a Man abus'd.

Worthy. As who?

Lurcher. As you.

Worthy. In what? ——— And by whom?

Lurcher. By them that ſhou'd not, and you ſuſpect the leaſt.

Worthy. If thou art the Honeſt Fellow, and as much my Friend as I believe, tell me.

Lurcher. I am --- ſure you never found me otherways than both, but --- I am afraid to tell you what I have heard.

Worthy. Then you'll give me cauſe to think I have been deceiv'd in my Opinion of you.

Lurcher. Rather than loſe that --- I will tell the truth, tho' I ſhou'd Die for it --- Honeſty is the beſt Policy.

Worthy.

Worthy. Why now I love you again --- Proceed.

Lurcher. Why then, for all *Bellamar* is your Friend, and ptetends to love your Sister --- he loves ſome body nearer to you than her.

Worthy. Explain, for I'm ſtill to ſeek.

Lurcher. Your Wife then --- So, now 'tis out.

Worthy. Thy Tongue ſhall follow it, pernicious Villain

(Catches him by the Throat.)

Lurcher. This I get for my Honeſty --- but I've done, and will be ſilent.

Worthy. So thou ſhalt for ever, unleſs thou prove thy Words.

Lurcher. How can I prove my Words. --- I can prove I was told ſo: --- but next time I'll hold my Tongue, ſince I am a Villain.

Worthy. (Pauſes --- then as recover'd, in a ſoft Voice) I beg thy pardon good *Lurcher*, what thou ſaidſt ſurpriz'd me ſo, I was not Maſter of my Temper, go on, I'm now prepar'd.

Lurcher. Bellamar's Servant 'twas that told me --- he that often heard his Maſter in his ſleep call upon your Wife. --- And this Minute he told me he carry'd a Letter from him to her, but don't truſt me. Ask her --- I only tell you out of Kindneſs --- however I'll Swear the Servant told me ſo --- and I don't uſe to Swear to a Lie. --- Moreover I ſaw him Kiſs her Hand once, and look as if he was ready to cry.

Worthy. I believe thou wou'dſt not Swear a Lie. --- I thank thee good *Lurcher*. --- Leave me a little, --- but let me know where I ſhall meet with you.

Lurcher. I'll come to you at home preſently.

Exit Lurcher.

Worthy. This Fellow's a Fool, but then he's Honeſt, can that be? --- Yes, --- Why ſhou'd not Fools be Honeſt, as well as Wiſe Men Knaves? Beſides, his late Diſcovery is a ſufficient proof. --- I fear I am abus'd, I'll try my Wife, --- he ſaid *Bellamar* talk'd of her in ſleep,

ſleep, --- What then? --- We are not Maſters of theſe floating Images --- Dreams as often bring to mind the hateful as the lovely, Heaven and Hell are equally the Subjects of our ſleeping Thoughts, --- Villains oft ſleep ſound, whilſt Virgin Innocence ſees frightful Spectres --- aye --- but when he kiſs'd her Hand he was awake --- Eternal Sorrows keep him ſo.

Enter Moderna.

Moderna. 'Tis my turn now to Chide, and think you're Unkind, whilſt any thing diſturbs your Peace, thus Miſer-like to keep it to yourſelf, and Rob me of my ſhare. --- Tell me what is't afflicts you ſo.

Worthy. What ſhou'd, or can, —— but ſeeing that we Prize the moſt in Danger, ——— our Friendſhip and our Love.

Mod. I hope you live ſecur'd of both, if Merit's a Protection you have no cauſe to fear.

Worthy. Thou canſt Secure the better half, but I am Covetous and Wiſh for all.

Mod. You're Words are Dark —— Dare you not let me ſee the Light?

Worthy. Yes —— For ſurely thou art full as White and Pure —— Tell me *Moderna* —— Do you think *Bellamar* Loves my Siſter?

Mod. We ſhou'd not doubt when She's convinc'd, —— But why that Queſtion?

Worthy. Becauſe I'm told he's otherways Engag'd.

Mod. But that Report has happily prov'd falſe.

Worthy. I Wiſh it may.

Mod. Why d'ye Really think *Marlove* has been wrong'd?

Worthy. No, —— but I fear another's wrong is deſign'd. Come —— To be plain, *Moderna*, did his behaviour never give you room to think him leſs our Friend than I do.

Mod. This Frightens and Confirms a Thouſand Jealouſies, I ſuffer'd and conceal'd, unwilling to Alarm you ſtill inclin'd to put the beſt Conſtruction on his Conduct —— But ſince it has awaken'd you —— I muſt confeſs his Words and Looks ſometimes Surprize me

me ——— Pray read this Letter ——— and explain it if you can, for 'tis perfect Myſtery to me.

[*Gives a Letter.*

Worthy. 'Tis from *Voiture* ——— upon ſending the Verb *I Love, Thou Loveſt*, to his *Spaniſh* Miſtreſs.

Reads.

Worthy. *It will, I don't doubt Madam, ſeem ſtrange to you* ——— *That in the two firſt Words of my Letter, I ſhou'd tell ſo great a Truth and ſo great a Falſhood, but it is to ſhow you, Madam, that thoſe who Regulated our Words by the reaſon of things, have Order'd* I Love, *to be immediately followed with* Thou Loveſt, *as if Nature, Senſe, and Juſtice, had Decreed the Lover ought to meet with the return of his Paſſion.*

Worthy. I Wiſh my Friend's *Engliſh* Honeſty is not Loſt in his *Spaniſh* Gallantry ----- this Marriage muſt not be ---- *Hymen* is out of Humour to Day. — I am ſadly griev'd *Moderna*, ſhall we go in —.

Mod. It works as I cou'd Wiſh. *(aſide)* Be not too haſty in determining a Point on which ſo much Depends ——— I fain wou'd think we are all Miſtaken.

Worthy. And ſo wou'd I, but I've concurring Witneſſes, if he ſhou'd ask for me, ſay, a Buſineſs of Importance call'd me --- Take this Opportunity to Mark his Actions well --- Be gentle to him, perhaps he may Diſcover more ---- (*pauſes*) By Heavens, I am almoſt Mad.

Exit Worthy.

Enter Florinda, Bellamar *and* Townly.

Bellamar. Where is your Husband gone, Madam?

Mod. About a matter of moment, but he promis'd to be back ſoon, and has left me his Security.

Bellamar. We then are ſure of his Return, for he has left us two of the Deareſt things to him on Earth, his Word and You.

[*Enter.*

[*Enter* Alamode, *and walks with an affected Air up to* Florinda, *without taking notice of the reſt of the Company, who bow and ſpeak to him, bruſhes by* Bellamar, *and flings his Hat down, and joſtles* Townly *againſt a Tea-Table, making him break a Cup.*]

Mod. Your Servant, Sir———You ſeem to be in a hurry.

Ala. [*to* Florinda] No Wonder, Madam, you keep Lovers at ſuch Diſtance, who are guarded thus by the Points of *Spain* and *Flanders* [*looks upon her Head and Ruffles*] tho' in the Struggle I ſee you have been ruffled, Madam.

Flo. I really don't underſtand you, Sir.

Ala. What ſo——lac'd, can you be ſo fur-be-low of what I mean, that I muſt hoop and hallow to make you underſtand thereby hangs a Tale———[*Plays all the time with her Gown and Petticoat, giving himſelf Airs, treads upon* Moderna's *Gown, and unpins it.*]

Mod. Are you blind?

Ala. Pardon me, Dear Madam, I proteſt I did not ſee you. *Bellamar*, yours——*Townly*, how doſt do———

Town. Not as you do, Sir, pull Ladies Clothes down.

Ala. Bellamar, what ails you; you look dull.

Bell. There's no truſting Looks, *Alamode*; you look quite otherwiſe.

Ala. As you ſay, there's no truſting Looks: I remember I lookt ſo dull one Day, I was aſham'd to go into Company, at laſt I pluckt up a Reſolution, dreſt my ſelf betwixt a Stateſman and a Rake, a thinking, careleſs, dirty Dreſs, and ventur'd with vaſt Succeſs, and I had more Wit than all the Table.

Flo. You excel in chuſing your Company, Sir.

Bell. Ay, and in entertaining 'em too.

Ala. Yes 'faith, but 'twas at their own Expence; I ſhow'd 'em what 'twas to be a Fool and Coxcomb.

Bell. I know your Ability too well that way to doubt of it, Sir.

Flo. That I take for granted is your Maſter-piece.

Ala. Yes, Madam, I can do that or nothing——I made a Pun; let me recollect——O, I put it down in my Pocket-Book.——The Company, you muſt know, ſaid

ſaid they were not upon the Square with me; to which I reply'd, how ſhou'd you, when the Table is Round; but to put you upon the Square, I've taken you all round (meaning you know banter'd every body) ſo they laugh'd ready to die.

Bell. This Squaring the Circle, *Alamode*, will make the Mathematicians jealous; 'tis what they have labour'd at in vain.

Flo. Yes, but the extraordinary things he does are Natural, not Labour'd; and I think if any body were to be made jealous by him, it ſhould be his Miſtreſs, and his Rival.

Ala. Surprizingly obliging, Madam. *Bellamar*, 'tis very uncommon to meet Senſe and Beauty in one Woman: Thou art a happy Man, or I'll ſend you to Heaven, and make you ſo ſoon. [*Aſide.*

Flo. Your Gallantry and Parts are enough to corrupt the Youth of the Age, by tempting 'em to follow your Example.

Ala. There are ſaint Imitators Madam; but Men muſt be born Poets, *&c.* you know, Madam, I ſhou'd laugh to ſee any body look or ſpeak like me.

Flo. So ſhou'd I moſt immoderately.

Ala. Nay, I vow, Madam, you flatter me now; I mean, becauſe it ſhou'd be the Heighth of ev'ry bodys Ambition to look and ſpeak like your Ladyſhip.

Mod. Inſufferable! he does not ſee himſelf laugh'd at; for God's ſake why do you talk ſo, you are mad.

Ala. I am indeed, Madam, but not for you [*aſide.*] a Lover ſhould always be mad.

Flo. Your Friend here ſays otherwiſe — making Madneſs a Proof of Love, he ſays, is debaſing the Paſſion.

Ala. Puh! he talks like a Lover — Why never tell me a Man can be in Love, and in his Senſes; the Paſſion is an unreaſonable Paſſion, and always asks more than it wants — that makes Marriages unhappy — for the Husbands require more than they know what to do with, and the Wife can diſpoſe on't better — Is it not ſo, Madam? [*To* Moderna.

Mod. Can the Wife diſpoſe of any thing better than to her Husband, Sir?

Ala. A fine Lady (we all know) thinks ſhe can, or I am plaguily miſtaken. [*Looks on* Moderna, *and gapes.*

Flo.

Flo. 'Tis as *Bellamar* ſaid, and the Monſter now deſpiſes her [*aſide*] —— I believe little Indiſcretions on our ſide, and great Vanity on yours, make moſt of the ill Characters in Life.

Bell. I know what makes more ill Women than either.

Flo. What, I pray?

Bell. Why marrying 'em for Intereſt againſt their Inclinations — Is it not ridiculous to imagine a Woman will ſuffer the laſt Freedoms from a Man ſhe diſlikes, and refuſe 'em to him ſhe loves?

Mod. He's certainly in the right —— If we have Reſolution enough to act againſt our Inclinations, we ſhall be eaſily perſuaded to act with 'em.

Bell. I know but two things in Life ſo ſilly, one is the Weakneſs of great Men, in making their Creatures play the Rogue and Villain to promote their Grandure, and afterwards wonder at their Want of Faith and Gratitude; as if a Man would play the Knave for my Advantage, and not his own.

Flo. I beſeech you what's the other?

Bell. Only a Folly of a Friend of mine, who makes his Miſtreſs an Atheiſt, to quiet her Fears, and then moſt wiſely puts her to her Oath to ſatisfy his Jealouſies.

Flo. Mere Invention! for Heaven's ſake lay aſide your Railing: Don't you think a Suſpenſion of Wit as neceſſary in Pity to Fools, as a Suſpenſion of Juſtice in Compaſſion to Knaves?

Bell. By the Power Knaves and Fools have, one wou'd think they were an Excluſion of Wit and Juſtice both. —— But to ſpeak my opinion, I'm for Mercy in neither Caſe: Impunity propagates Vice.

Mod. Theſe are bold Truths you confeſs, Sir; and Truths not to be ſpoke ev'ry where.

Bell. I'm in no Apprehenſion of being diſcover'd; Ladies are the beſt Repoſitories of Truth, it never eſcapes their Mouths: What think you, *Alamode?*

Ala. Not a Word of the Matter — for I've been aſleep the whole time, and have a Dream for you to interpret, Madam.

Flo. I've no Superſtition in my Religion.

Ala-

Ala. Ha, ſo chang'd! Your Miſtreſs *Bellamar* is damnable proud.

Bell. Not of your Confidence, it ſeems, Sir.

Ala. Then I muſt e'er truſt one who is, [*Whiſpers* Mod.] The *Roman* Conqueſts were imperfect, till publick Triumphs crown'd 'em. [*Exit* Alamode.

Bell. What does the Coxcomb mean?

Mod. I fear you gueſs too well [*aſide*] ----- to ſhow his Hiſtory and his Ignorance at once, by miſapplying what he has read.

Bell. I'm impatient till your Brother comes; I'll try if I can find him. [*Exit both.*

Flo. You'll find him in my Room.

[*Manet* Moderna.]

Mod. Hell and Revenge! the Idiot triumphs and ſhows me to the World, branded with that worſt Infamy of being ſubdu'd by him. --- I own I'm guilty, and I'm ſeverely puniſh'd in my Crimes.

[*Enter* Marlove.]

Mar. And ever will be ſo, untill you have Reſolution to keep out of Difficulty, or to behave your ſelf better when you're in 'em: What is now the matter?

Mod. Matter! ---- I think when one has given ones ſelf to a Fop, 'tis like ſelling ones ſelf to the Devil; he has Power over you ever after ---

Mar. Ay, and before too, or it had never been a Bargain, --- *Alamode*, I gueſs, is the Cauſe.

Mod. Yes, the Fool preſſes me to meet him, for no Reaſon, I believe, but to ſhow I dare not refuſe him ---- ----I won't go——What wou'd you adviſe me?—— ——The Wretch begins to inſult me——Alas there was a time—I had my Vertue, and an uninjur'd Husband for my Guards——but I've deſerv'd it—Tell me what to do.

[*Enter* Maid.]

Maid. Madam, one wou'd ſpeak with you.

Mod. I'll return in a moment, in the mean while think how to adviſe. [*Exit* Moderna.

Mar.

Mar. Let me conſider——[*Pauſes*] She muſt go, if it be only to defer the Marriage for this Night, which elſe will be confirm'd beyond the reach of my Reſentment; for what has been hitherto hinted muſt have ſtronger Proofs, or it will make againſt us: *Worthy* is not eaſy to believe Ill of the Man he loves. [*Pauſes again*] I have it, I'll make it yet impoſſible, tho' at the Expence of her undoing; the Odds are on the ſide of my Projects; and if my Plot fail, I am but where I was, loſt to Hope, Revenge and Reputation. They may venture ſafely to throw the Dice, who have nothing to loſe——But here ſhe is.

[*Enter* Moderna.]

Mod. Well, what am I to do?

Mar. By all means go, for nothing is ſo malicious, and ſo much to be fear'd, as the Reſentment of ſuch Animals; You muſt do with them as with Children when you have got 'em, endure the Noiſe of Bells and Rattles, to keep 'em from making a greater.

Mod. You ſhall govern me, tho' 'tis againſt my Judgment——I'll go home with you, and from thence meet him——(O *Worthy*; but it is too late.)

[*Exit* Moderna *and* Marlove.

[*Enter* Worthy *and* Lurcher.]

Lur. You ſee the Servant has made it plain that your Wife is his Deſign, and your Siſter the Pretence.

Wor. He has indeed, *Lurcher*, too plain, if he is not a Lyar and a Villain; and what ſhould tempt him to be either to me?——Beſides, my Wife's Obſervations concur with his Story. (Diſtraction) ——I'll in and ſpeak one Word to my Siſter.

Lur. I'll wait you here. [*Exeunt ambo.*

SCENE *continues.*

[*Enter* Marlove.]

Mar. Well, ſhe's gone to meet her Lover; now's the time to compleat the Work——I cou'd wiſh it might

be without her Ruin; but better that and all the World's ——than I go unreveng'd.

Mar. O! are you there? I was impatient to find you. ——We muſt convince *Worthy*, now or never——Let me think——*Alamode* is very like *Bellamar* in his Figure; beſides, the Evening's dusky, and that will contribute to deceive the Sight.——I have it——Away, and I'll inſtruct you as we go; it muſt ſucceed, for he's rais'd to ſuch a Pitch of Jealouſy, that he reads *Rival* and *Bellamar* in ev'ry Object that he meets; as fearful Travellers do Robbery and Murder in ev'ry Tree or Buſh upon the Road. [*Exeunt ambo.*

[Florinda *and he enter.*]

Wor. Where is your Siſter gone?

Flo. I really can't tell.

Wor. Nor where *Bellamar* is?

Flo. I thought he had been with you——he follow'd my Siſter, in Search, as I imagin'd, of you.

Wor. So he ſoon follow'd then. (It is ſo) Hell-hounds follow him.

[*Enter* Lurcher.]

Lur. I've ſomething to tell you in private.

Wor. Siſter, ſhall I find you in your Room?

Flo. I'll wait you there. [*Exit* Flo.

Wor. Now, my honeſt Friend, what new Misfortune haſt thou brought me?——

Lur. Why——What will ſurprize you more than all; God knows it did me.—— Your Wife is gone, as *Bellamar*'s Servant tells me, this Minute with his Maſter, as he believes to *Spring Garden*—for they directed the Coach thither—

Wor. My Wife, with her affected Tenderneſs and Faith, conſpires againſt me: Impoſſible! For ſhe complain'd to me of his Addreſſes, and ſhow'd a Letter to confirm 'em. Ay, but ſhe own'd it not till firſt I accus'd her: I am ſo alarm'd, that I ſee all my Dangers thro' my Fears, altho' methinks 'tis ſtrange, juſt at a time when the Bride waits, and ev'ry Eye is on 'em.

Lur. You may be eaſily ſatisfied, by going to ſee if they are there; we ſhall know 'em by the Servant: We

can

can watch at a distance, without being seen; and then come away convinc'd one way or other.

Wor. As you say, that wou'd satisfie any Body; and nothing less shall me. ——— This may be Malice, as the first Plot was.

Lur. I'm sure it's no Malice of mine.

Wor. My honest Nature still prevails, though every Circumstance of Proof is combating against it: Besides, my Sister said, they follow'd one another out. Away *Lurcher*, Death is better than Suspence. [*Exeunt amb.*

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Bellamar *and* Florinda.

Bell. Can you guess what is become of your Brother?

Flo. I wonder you did not meet him; he's this Minute gone out, extreamly uneasie, as I thought.

Bell. Not more uneasie than I am; ——— the Skies seem swell'd with Mischiefs, just breaking on my Head.

Flo. I am, as well as you, to seek what 'tis can have diverted my Brother from his first Purpose. ——— Pray Heaven, *Marlove*, has not fallen on some new Project.

Bell. And I wish Some-body has not join'd with her: This Inconstancy is not of a piece with your Brother's Character; ——— I'll endeavour to find him out; and if I can, the Cause of this Alteration.

Flo. You'll find me in my Chamber. [*Exeunt amb.*

SCENE *changes to Spring Garden.*

Enter Alamode, *and* Moderna *in a Mask and Scarf.*

Alam. So *Juno* once, we read in ancient Tale,
To meet *Ixion*, wore a cloudy Vail.
My own Extempore, Madam.

Mod. Are you surpriz'd, Sir?

Alam. Why, Madam?

Mod. From your making a Simile.

Alam. Now you talk of Similes, it puts me in mind of a Pun I can make, if you'll ask me why a certain Tune always haunts me?

Mod.

Mod. I do.

Alam. No, ask me in Terms.

Mod. Ridiculous! Well, why does that Tune always haunt you.

Alam. Becauſe I murder'd it, Ha, ha, ha.

Mod. And are not you afraid of the Ghoſts of all the harmleſs *Engliſh* Words you daily murder?

Alam. No more than you are of the Ghoſts of all the Lovers you daily Kill.

Mod. Silly! Is this Nonſenſe the preſſing Buſineſs you had with me?

[*They walk to t'other end of the Stage. She's out of Humour.*

Enter Lurcher *and* Worthy, *as Watching.*

Lur. Let's place Ourſelves here.

Wor. Agreed; 'tis a pleaſant Evening. [*Looks on his Watch.*] Nine a Clock——Hold, whoſe Coach is that?

Lur. By the Servant it ſhou'd be them.

Wor. By Hell, and ſo it is!——look, they turn down yonder Walk——He has chang'd his Cloaths, and is dreſs'd like *Alamode*.——Heark, Friend, is your Maſter here? [*Speaks to the Servant.*

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Lur. Now you are ſatisfied; let's be gone, they never can deny this.——

Wor. I think they cant!——*Lurcher*.——Come, let's go. But ſee! by Heavens he forces her into an Arbour: This is too much for Cowardice to bear.

Lur. Don't make a work here, the whole World will know it.

Wor. Here, or any where; the Altar ſhould not ſhield 'em from my Vengeance.

[*Goes into the Walk, finds it to be* Alamode, *ſtrikes him, they Draw, he Wounds* Alamode *and Diſarms him.*

Ala. You won't kill me. [*And* Moderna *runs off.*

Wor. You're in leſs Danger now, than when your Sword was in your own Hand; Get well, for I've more to ſay: This World's too little for us both. [*Exit* Alamode.

Come then, perfidious Villain! and you the Under-Engine of this great Deſign——Away, and let me hear what made you to attempt this Scene of Miſchief.

Lur.

Lur. If you'll forgive us, we'll confeſs it all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Worthy's *Houſe.*

Enter Florinda, Bellamar, *and* Townly

Flo. Have neither of you heard of my Brother?

Town. I've been hunting him ever ſince you deſir'd me.

Flo. Where's my Siſter gone, I wonder?——— The Servants tell me ſhe went out with *Marlove*; but 'tis impoſſible.

Bell. The Anxiety of my Mind had almoſt made me forget your Vertues, and ſay, Nothing that's Ill's impoſſible to Woman.

Flo. My own Diſquiets and Fears make your Satyr at this Time pardonable, which elſe, ſpight of the Exception, would offend.

Town. And with reaſon, if a new Song I've heard is true; the Poet, leſs ſevere than him, not wholly excuſing, nor accuſing the Ladies, is more Juſt.

Enter Maid.

Madam, Mr. *Tuneful* ſeeing me at the Door, deſires the Honour of welcoming your Ladiſhip to Town, and to know when he may wait on you.

Town. O pray Madam let him come in; 'twas him I heard ſing it: 'Twill amuſe the Spleen for a Minute.

Flo. An't pleaſe you, Sir, let him come in.

Enter Mr. Tuneful.

Town. Pray ſing the Song you ſung Yeſterday.

Mr. *Tunef.* I will, Sir.

I.

FAlſe and mean's th' Accuſation
With which Men the Fair aſperſe;
Fools they ſay's their darling Paſſion;
Women are to Worth averſe.

II. Jove

II.

Jove adorn'd in all his Glory,
Coy Antiope cou'd never move:
A Satyr's Shape, in the ſame Story,
Made the God ſucceſsful prove.

III.

But it was as Towns are Conquer'd,
That too much their Foe deſpiſe,
Secure in Scorn they ſleep unguarded,
So are taken by Surprize.

Bell. It may be ſo; but here's your Brother.

[*Enter* Worthy.

We have been waiting for you theſe Two Hours.

Wor. That's very little, to the Time I'm doom'd to wait for the return of Peace and Joy.——— O *Bellamar*, *Moderna*'s falſe—— and damn'd *Lurcher* is, as thou always ſaidſt, as much a Villain as a Fool———But no more——Thus I'll puff the Proſtitute away———Let's in, and hear each ſad Particular of my Fate.———Tho' firſt permit me thus to expiate the Wrongs I've done.

[*Gives his Siſter to* Bellamar.

Bell. And thus let me receive it: And, believe me, no Grief could enter at a Time of ſuch full Happineſs, except *Worthy*'s Sorrows.

Learn hence, in Fops nor Truth nor Friendſhip lies;
But Men of Senſe have other Joys than Vice.
And take it, fair Ones, for a certain Rule,
That Woman truſts indeed that truſts a Fool.

End of the Fifth ACT.

No one advancing to the Audience for the Epilogue, Mr. *Booth* applies to Mrs. *Oldfield*.

Mr. Booth. *Madam! are n't you to ſpeak the Epilogue?*
Mrs. Old. *Not I, Sir* ——
Mr. Booth. —— Wilks!
Mr. Wilks. —— *If I do, I'm a Dog.*
Mr. Booth. *Who has it then?*
Mrs. Old. —— *I fancy,* Cibber.
Mr. Booth. —— *Hay!*
Mr. Wilks. *The likelieſt Man, becauſe he's out o'th' way.*
Mr. Booth. *I ſee him ſquabbling with the Author yonder. O! here he comes* ——
Mr. Cibber. (Entring.) —— *Was ever ſuch a Blunder?*
Mr. Wilks. *The Matter, pray?*
Mr. Cibber. —— *Theſe Authors are ſuch Elves:*
Ours thought we found all Epilogues our ſelves:
And ſo the Play has none.
Mr. Booth. - - - - - - - - - *What ſhall we do?*
Mrs. Oldfield. *Let* Cibber *ſpeak Extempore* - - -
Mr. Cibber. - - - - - - - - *Why not you?*
Mrs. Old. *Had I your Wit and Front, Sweet Sir, I might.*
Mr. Cibber. *Madam* - - - *I've nothing in my Head* - - -
Mrs. Old. - - - - - - - - - *You're right:*
For faith! I never thought you had--Good Night. Ex.
Mr. Booth. *'Igad, ſhe hit you there.*
Mr. Cibber. - - - - - - - *She knew at leaſt,*
Abuſing me wou'd be a ſtanding Jeſt.
Mr. Wilks. *Well! but the Epilogue! What's to be done?*
Mr. Cibber. *Why, fairly tell the Company there's none.*
Mr. Wilks, *Then do't your ſelf.*

Mr. Booth.

Mr. Booth. - - - - - *Ay, faith! on you 'twill fall.*
Come! do it, Cibber---*Blood! you'll ſtand it all.*
A Frenchman *wou'd have don't with half this Rout.*
Mr. Cibber. *Where nothing is, nothing may ſoon come out.*
Mr. Wilks. *Well ſaid, Egad; there's Satyr in the Joke.*
Mr. Booth. *Prodigious! for of his own Head 'twas ſpoke.*
Mr. Cibber. *Pſhah! Pox, this Joking's all at my Expence:*
I'd better blunder ſomething to the Audience.
(Advancing.)
If I'm not wrong, the Prologue ſeem'd to ſay,
" *The Plot wou'd be reveal'd; and--hold--no, ſtay.*
" *Your Schemes, as ſoon as form'd, are all reveal'd,*
" *But here the Play is done, and yet the Plot conceal'd.*
Ay! ſo it was---Now I ſay---ſo---'tis not.
For his whole Play's upon the Town a Plot.
The Play may fail: I'm ſure the Plot's no Blunder:
'Tis a fair Soldier's Stratagem to Plunder.
Nay, there's a Moral---if from me you'll bear it.
Come! be a Moment ſerious---you ſhall bear it.
" *From poor* Moderna's *Fate the Fair may ſee,*
" *No longer than they're Innocent they're Free:*
" *And ſhe who breaks the Sacred Bond of Wife,*
" *Puts on worſe Chains, and is a Slave for Life.*
Thus having prov'd a Moral and a Plot;
(And as you find the Epilogue's forgot:)
All that w'ave left to ſay, is, Gentlemen,
To-morrow will be Acted this agen.

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FINIS.